THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVIII No 9 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

Historical Society

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1929.

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January Clearance Sale

Commencing Thursday on

Millinery, Hosiery, Lingerie, Scarfs, Etc.

26 Hats in felt and velvet, regular $3.00 to $5.50, special values, ...**Special Values $1.00**

Ladies' Silk Bloomers, regular $1.50 and $2.00. **Sale Price $1.00**

Silk Brassieres, regular 90c. each, on sale.....**2 for $1.00**

Ladies' Silk and Wool Stockings, regular $1.25 pair, special values, ...**2 pairs $1.00**

Bie-Tex Hosiery, tan, black, regular $2.00 pair, sale price **$1.00**

Special Prices on all Silk Underwear, to clear.

We sell Kotex at 49c.

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Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at

$5.95, $7.95 and $9.95

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at

$14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at **Money Saving Prices.**

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

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Where Prices Tell And Quality Sells

Special Value

TEAS and COFFEE

W. ROY McGREER

Wallace's Drug Store. Headquarters for Yardley's Old English Lavender. Single articles, such as shaving bowl, bath salts and compacts, also beautiful sets in suitable Christmas packages, at prices from 75c. to $12.00. A most magnificent display at Wallace's.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Gas Service Station, residence and lot on Roblin's Hill, on Kingston Highway. Apply to JOHN WILSON. 9-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Valuable property, corner Dundas and West Sts., the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry, together with the adjoining house on the south. Property will be sold separately or together. This property must be sold at once to wind up the estate. Apply to E. J. POLLARD, Executor.

FOR SALE—House and lot in the Village of Bath, north half lot one, west of First street, known as the residence of the late John Forester. For particulars apply to T. B. German, Napanee, Ont.; R. J. Allison, Adolphustown, Ont.; or Margaret Forester, Niagara Falls, Ontario. 8-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of George Whittington, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the ELEVENTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Estate

Dated this 11th day of January, 1929. 8-d

Private Sale!

—OF—

Household Furniture

Bedding, Dishes, Kitchen Equipment.

All the contents of the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry will be offered by Private Sale, at the family residence, commencing

Wednesday, January 23rd and following days.

from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. All must be sold to close up the estate.

PAEONIES, IRIS AND PHLOX

for Fall planting. Catalogue and prices on request.

The Belleville Nurseries, 179 Dundas St. East, Belleville Ont. 42-tf

SELBY

A number from here attended the funeral of the late Geo. W. Gibbard.

We are glad to say Mrs. C. Anderson is doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. Tummon is spending this week in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. H. Abbott is visiting with friends at Napanee.

We are sorry to say Miss Nancy Baker is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McLeod entertained a number of their friends on Friday night.

Mr. Arch. McCutcheon is visiting with friends at Colebrook.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Frisken and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hudgins and family visited recently at J. Frisken's, Napanee.

Mr. Alex. McCutcheon had a "bee" drawing wood on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McDonald and family have moved on E. Manion's farm.

Mrs. L. Innis visited recently with Mrs. D. Denison, Napanee.

M. Windover, J. Grange, and H. Gollinger are spending the week in Toronto attending the automobile show.

LENNOX FAIR

Annual meeting at 2.30 p.m. Thursday, January 24th, at Town Hall, Napanee.

R. MERRITT, Pres.
J. L. BOYES, Sec'y.

NAPANEE DRIVING PARK

Annual meeting, Friday, January 25th, at 7.30 p.m., at Secretary's office.

T. B. WALLACE, Pres.
J. L. BOYES, Sec'y.

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the lot owners of the Napanee Cemetery "Riverside" will be held in the Council Chamber, Town of Napanee, on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1929, at 2 p.m., to receive the auditors' report, and other business.

E. J. WALTERS, President.
W. H. DUNBAR, Secretary. 8-b

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Alvena Hartman, late of the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the NINTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 56 of Chapter 150, R. S. O., 1927.

U. M. WILSON, K.C.,
Solicitor for said Estate.

Dated January 10, 1929. 8-d

BOARD OF EDUCATION

NOMINATION

EAST WARD

There will be a meeting of the ratepayers of East Ward at the Town Hall, Napanee, on THURSDAY, THE 31st DAY OF JANUARY, A.D., 1929, at 7.30 p.m. for the purpose of nominating a member of the Board of Education to fill the vacancy on the Board for East Ward.

If more than one candidate is nominated an election will be held on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, A.D., 1929, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon at the store of George Switzer, on Dundas street.

Dated January 21st, 1929.

W. A. GRANGE,
9-a Town Clerk.

We Sell Travellers' Cheques

They assure safety and convenience in carrying money while travelling and are negotiable everywhere.

For sale at any Branch.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871 140

Napanee Branch
C. Waite, Manager

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
January 21st, 1929

Council met in regular session in the council chamber on Monday evening, Mayor Howitt presiding.

Present—Reeve Tustin and Councillors Loucks, Daly, Paul, Fitzpatrick, Wiseman, Ungar.

The minutes of the inaugural meeting were read and approved.

A communication from the Napanee carters re license fee, was referred to the Police Committee to report.

Mr. H. Chambers applied to the council to be appointed caretaker of the town hall.

Referred to the Town Property and Fire Committee to report.

Coun. Daly, for the Finance Committee, reported the completion of the programme for the Napanee radio concert on Wednesday evening.

Also that a statement of the affairs of the town will be presented at the next meeting of the council. Report adopted.

The Streets Committee reported in reference to the water damage during the recent storm. Report adopted.

The Printing and By-Laws Committee reported re printing the minutes of council in book form. Report adopted.

Coun. Tustin reported for the Market and Police Committee that the rent for the carter's stand had not been paid.

Referred to the Police Committee with power to act.

Coun. Fitzpatrick reported for the Social Welfare and Light Committee recommending that the town quarry be opened to furnish work for men applying for aid to the Social Welfare Committee.

Referred to Social Welfare and Streets Committees with power to act.

A by-law appointing Mr. P. Gleeson a member of the Board of Education was introduced, read its three times and finally passed.

A letter from J. M. Simpson re a claim for damages by Mr. Benj. Johnston on account of falling on a slippery sidewalk was read and referred to the Streets Committee to confer with the Clerk, and if advisable forward claim to Globe Indemnity Co.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid:

W. S. Wilson	$16.75
W. S. Wilson	10.00
P. Gleeson	40.75
P. Gleeson	53.25

Council adjourned.

LOOK FOR RECORD TOURIST BUSINESS

U. S. VISITORS SHOW APPRECIATION OF COURTESY, SAYS CHICAGO RAILWAY MAN

Montreal, Jan. 21—"From present indications and judging by the inquiries which are coming to us from all parts of our territory, Canada may look for a record influx of United States tourists during the coming season," said A. B. Clark, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian National Railways at Chicago, Ill., on his arrival in Montreal for a business conference. "There is a growing interest in Canada's holiday resorts" Mr. Chown stated. "In our territory we find the people know almost as much about the Canadian Rockies, and such Canadian playgrounds as Jasper National Park, as do Eastern Canadians themselves. Hundreds of Chicagoians have visited Jasper, and their description of the conditions in this magnificent mountain park have interested others who are intending visitors.

"There is a great deal of optimism throughout the United States and a feeling that the present prosperity is likely to continue. As a result people are planning holidays in Europe, in Canada and elsewhere. The people who plan to go to Europe chiefly want to travel via the St. Lawrence route during the summer season. There are, also, how-ever, numbers of others who are planning to avail themselves of the journey through Canada, with stopovers at such points as Minaki and Jasper Park Lodge, in order to enjoy the steamship journey up the Pacific Coast to Alaska.

"People in the United States seem to find a different brand of courtesy on this side of the border; at least on their return from a journey to or through Canada, they are enthusiastic as to the courtesy they receive on trains, in hotels and everywhere else, and this seems to be one of the most valuable assets in developing tourist travel."

Too Many Laws.

In an article in the American Magazine, William S. Dutton takes up the question of the immense number of laws in the United States, and states that an investigator counted 30,000 city, State and Federal laws, leaving county ones out of the enumeration.

One State law, he says, has never been obeyed—and it never will.

It reads:

"When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start until the other is gone."

Surely, in this case "the law is an ass!" remarks the Municipal Review.

Moth Speaks.

The Death's Head moth emits squeaks almost as loud as those of a mouse.

MR. R. J. CAMPBELL IS CHOSEN WARDEN

At the inaugural meeting of the County Council, in session at the Court House, Napanee, on Tuesday, Mr. R. J. Campbell, Reeve of Kaladar, Anglesea and Effingham, was unanimously chosen Warden of the County of Lennox and Addington for the year 1929.

Mr. Campbell is a prosperous farmer of Kaladar, of a jovial and courteous disposition, and highly respected by his many friends who will be greatly pleased to learn of his election to the high office of Warden.

CAMDEN EAST.

A barn belonging to Mr. Percy Hinds, a short distance from the village, was completely destroyed by fire. A chimney from their home burned out, and it is thought a spark caught on the dry hay, and before it was noticed the barn was all ablaze. No insurance was carried.

Mr. Peter Thompson is ill with pneumonia. His son, Stanley, arrived from Empress, Alta., to visit his parents.

Mr. Geo. Perry, of North Bay, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Jas. Henderson, has returned to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Huxtable and children, with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hinch on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Amey and Miss Hawley, of Kingston, spent Sunday in the village.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Jeffrey, a son—Carman Russell.

DESERONTO

Mrs. Neal, of Warkworth, is in town to visit her sister, Miss M. Dunwoodie.

The Home and School Association met at the public school on Friday afternoon, the president, Mrs. Burnham, in the chair. After the regular business, a very interesting paper on "Books" was read by Miss Warren.

Mrs. Naylor is confined to the house owing to illness.

Miss Long spent the week-end at her home in Napanee.

The R. T. of T. held a very successful pie social at their rooms on Friday night which was well attended. A very good programme was given, after which refreshments were served.

Mr. Ross Poste, the engineer who was killed in an accident at Belleville on Saturday, besides a widow and one child, leaves to mourn his loss, his mother, Mrs. Poste and two sisters, residing in Deseronto, Mrs. C. Thompson, Mrs. Houle, a brother, Elgin resides in Rochester, N.Y.

Owing to wash-outs, there were no trains on Saturday.

Mrs. Argue entertained at bridge on Friday evening.

Mr. M. Cormile has been confined to the house owing to illness.

Miss Helena Naphin, Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Thos. Hetherington, of Belleville, spent the week-end at his home here.

WILTON

The W. W. I. held its January meeting at the home of Mrs. Archie Simmons on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 8th. About twenty-two ladies were present, and, as was a fine turnout as the roads were very slippery and much sickness prevailed. The president presided and opened the meeting with the "Ode" followed by the Lord's Prayer. The Roll Call was answered by "something I learned in 1928," and proved very amusing. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. A splendid reading, "Two Points of View" was read by Miss Helen Babcock. Current events were given by Mrs. Gordon Babcock. Another good paper, "A Stick or a Sticker," was given by Miss Helen Huff. The February meeting is to be at Mrs Byron Ruttan's and in the evening.

A committee of girls was appointed to look after an entertainment to be given in the near future. One special feature of the afternoon was a Tart Contest, by five junior members, Mrs. Davey and Mrs. Robinson, two visiting ladies, very kindly acted as judges of these tarts and awarded the prize to Miss Helen Babcock, a set of measuring spoons.

The meeting was brought to a close by "God Save The King," and the social half hour followed which concluded a very profitable afternoon.

The Wilton Institute packed some very substantial baskets for the needy at Christmas. It also held a miscellaneous shower for Mr. Benjamin Mills who lost his home and its contents in a recent fire.

A Queer Fish!

When certain rivers in South Africa dry up in the summer, a curious kind of fish, called mudfish, make themselves little nests in the mud and wait there until the river is full of water again. Clods of mud containing the live fish can be dug up.

Twins Plentiful.

Medical literature records some remarkable cases of multiple birth, and makes twins seem commonplace. There is one instance of seven living children born together of which only one did not survive. Five cases are known of six children born at once.

The average of twin births to single ones is about one in 100; triplets about one in 6,000; and five births at a time about one in ten million. It is rare for all four of quadruplets to survive.

COLLEGIATE ANNUAL CONCERT

In spite of the heavy rains on Thursday and Friday evenings, the gymnasium and assembly room of the Collegiate was well filled at each performance of the annual concert. Those who attended felt well repaid for the inconvenience caused by the disagreeable weather, as every number of the long programme was well given.

In the gymnasium, the girls, under the tuition of Miss McLaughlin, gave a number of excellent dances. The "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and the "Irish Lilt" was done in suitable costumes, while in the other numbers the girls were dressed in the Collegiate blue middy and skirt which is fast gaining popularity at the school. The club swinging by the senior girls was much appreciated. The boys gymnasium class, with Mr. Barley as instructor, gave an exhibition of calisthenics, tumbling and apparatus work, which received applause. The boys are more or less limited in the type of work they can give in the gymnasium, and what most of it had been seen in the preceding years, the audience appreciated the enthusiasm behind the boys displayed.

In the assembly hall, the programme was musical and dramatic in character. The orchestra fully lived up to its reputation for providing high class music, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Wilson. The boys' chorus of the glee club rendered two selections of a comic nature which contained pleasing harmony. The major part of the programme was given up to the presentation of three scenes from "The Merchant of Venice," under the direction of Miss White; the cast were word perfect in their parts, and displayed real dramatic ability. Munroe Beattie, as Shylock, gave a wonderful interpretation of the revengeful Jew, while Shirley Coleleugh delighted the audience with her striking presentation of Portia. Both these parts were long and heavy, and the presentation of both characters showed histronic ability rarely equalled by amateurs. Gordon MacGregor, as Gratiano, received applause by his splendid comedy acting, while Ernest Sexsmith was a typical Antonio. Dorothy Wilson, as Nerissa, Albert Herrington, as Bassanio, Tom Webb, as Salanio, Maurice Kinkley, as Salarino, and William McFadden, as Tubal and the Duke rounded out the well balanced cast which have not been excelled for some years. Edith MacMorine gave narrations connecting the three scenes. The scenery added much to the play and great credit is due Miss Grange and the stage committee. Mr. Chas. A. Gates, of Kingston, supplied the costumes and make-up which gave a real period setting to the plot of the story. The programme and the names of the pupils taking part follows:

PROGRAMME;

Assembly Room—

1. March—"Cup Winner"..Tocabeen
   Collegiate Orchestra
2. Boys' Chorus—
   (a) Street Urchins' Medley
   (b) The Bull-dog and the Bull Frog
3. Overture to William Tell.....Rossini
   Collegiate Orchestra ....
4. "The Pound of Flesh" (from "The Merchant of Venice")
   Explanatory Narrative.....
   .....Edith MacMorine

Cast in order of appearance—

Shylock, the Jew....Munro Beattie
Bassanio, friend of Antonio.....
.....Albert Herrington
Antonio, Merchant of Venice.....
.....Ernest Sexsmith
Salanio, friend of Antonio.....
.....Tom Webb
Salarino, friend of Antonio.....
.....Maurice Kinkley
Tubal, a wealthy Jew.....
.....William McFadden
The Duke of Venice.....William McFadden
Gratiano, friend of Bassanio.....
.....Gordon MacGregor
Nerissa (wife of Gratiano disguised as a clerk).....
.....Dorothy Wilson
Portia (wife of Bassanio disguised as a doctor of law).....
.....Shirley Coleleugh

Scene 1—A street in Venice.
Scene 2—The same.
Scene 3—Court of the Duke of Venice.

Gymnasium—

1. Drill.....Form 1 Girls
2. Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.....Form 3 Girls
3. Calisthenics..Boys' Gym. Class
4. Sellengers Round and Highland Schottische..Form 2 Girls
5. Mat tumbling and Vaulting Box.....Boys' Gym. Class
6. Irish Lilt.....Form 3 Girls
7. Parallel bars and rings.....
.....Boys' Gym. Class
8. Indian club swinging.....
.....Girls of Forms 4 and 5

God Save the King.

Directress of Play—Miss M. A. White.

Stage Committee—Miss H. A. Grange, Marion Thompson, Madge Culhane, Roland Stalker, Munro Beattie, Harry Moore, William Howitt, Joe Thomson.

Costumes and make-ups—Mr. C. A. Gates, Kingston.

ORCHESTRA

1st Violin—

Rupert Drumbrille, Thora Emberley, Robert Howitt, Borden Leonard, William VanDusen, Charles Walters.

2nd Violin—

May Hawley, Eleanor Hughes, Ronald Miller.

Viola—

Roland Stalker.

Bass—

Gerald Doyle.

1st Cornet—

Gordon MacGregor.

1st Clarionet—

Mr. M. A. Epplett.

Piano—

Ruth Cairns.

Drums—

Tom Webb.

Conductor—

Mrs. F. Cameron Wilson.

Boys' Chorus—

Tenors—Chas. Walters, Douglas Alkenbrack, Roland Stalker, Mr. J. W. Barley, Ernest Vick, Arthur Frink.

Bass—Robert Howitt, Leslie Merrit, Gordon MacGregor, Joe Thomson, Rupert Drumbrille, Robert Asselstine.

Pianist—Jean Asselstine.

First Form Girls—

Jennie Clement, Helen Evans, Margaret Evans, Vera Whyte, Irene Garrison, Margaret Goodman, Frances Henderson, Helen Howe, Pearl Hudson, Joan Lemaistre, Margery McMillan, Marion Switzer, Hazel Sherman, Margaret Turner, Annie Young, Vera McKnight, Edith Drake, Catherine Duffett, Lenore Fraser, Fern Hagerman, Elizabeth Haight, Jean Asselstine, Jean Huston, Letitia McCullough, Helen Daverne, May Powell, Bernice Reid, Irene Reid, Mildred Sampson, Alice Walter, Marguerite Wood, Helen Breeze.

Second Form Girls—

Mary Galbraith, Eleanor Sills, Bernice Luther, Henrietta Leslie, Margaret Denison, Amey Moore, Sadie Chapman, Fannie Waddell, Hilda Loucks, June McDonald, Edith Box, Lillian Walters, Mary Kinnear, Audrey Dudgeon, Dorothy Coakwell, Mildred Richardson, Gladys Huffman, Hilda McGraw, Viola Boomhauer, Jetta Thompson, Margaret Walters.

Irish Lilt Girls—

Marion Sills, Mildred Loucks, Jean Graham, Madge Culhane, Kathleen McFarlane, Kathleen Dixson, Kathryn Clarke, Isobel Paul, Luella Hagerman, Jean Lancaster, Helen Lancaster, Helen Drake, Grace Joyce, Marion Thompson.

Wooden Soldiers—

Georgie Scott, Edna Funnell, Jean Asselstine, Mabel Jackson, Marion Simbury, Francis Wessels, Gena Duffett, Marion Exley, Doris Anderson.

Indian Clubs—

Helen Barnhart, Vera Barnard, Marjorie Daly, Monica Doyle, Eleanor Foster, Laura Foster, Hudgins, Marguerite McConnell, Mona Reid, Marjorie Sills, Lois Stalker, Helen Drake, Thora Emberley, May Hawley, Grace Joyce, Florence Reid, Helen Lancaster, Jean Lancaster, Mary Mellow, Jean Milling.

Pianist—Katherine Henderson.

Boys' Gymnasium Class—

Robert Asselstine, Leslie Merritt, Roland Stalker, Chas. Walters, Harry Robinson, Fred Oliver, Ernest Vick, Garnet Dyer, Edward Loucks, Walter Hagerman, Russell Kimmett, Harold Pringle, Clarke Beattie, Stanley Beattie, Gilbert Hallowell, William Webb, Fred Young, Orville Barragar, William VanDusen, James Perry.

Directress of Girls' Physical Culture: Miss V. McLaughlin.

Director of Boys' Gymnasium Class: Mr. W. J. Barley.

ODESSA

Ralph Benjamin received word that his brother, Harry Benjamin, had passed away at his home on Sacramento Avenue, San Francisco, California, where he had lived for a number of years. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benjamin and will be remembered by many. Besides his family in San Francisco, are left to mourn his death, three sisters, Mrs. Darien and Mrs. Brown, Alexandria Bay, and one in Watertown, and one brother, Ralph Benjamin, Odessa.

Daley Boyce has purchased the Sidney Sproule residence and property, recently vacated by Fred Benjamin, who has moved in the Morrison home.

Rev. Linstead has moved from the Morrison home to the G. W. Lucas cottage on Church street.

Ezra Babcock, Wilton, has moved in the Wm. Frink cottage on Educational Drive.

Mrs. Frank Ellison, Kingston, is spending a few days with her father, Mr. Barney Wood, who is seriously ill.

The mercury dropped to 45 degrees below last Monday morning, it being the lowest this winter.

COMING :- EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday School Room of Trinity United Church, under the direction of Victorian Order of Nurses. 8-tf

Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., will give an "At Home" in their lodge rooms on Wednesday, January 30th, Wednesday, February 20th, and Wednesday, March 20th. Members and their friends are cordially invited. Dancing and cards. Walters' orchestra.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D.
(Editor of the Sunday School Times).

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Sunday, Jan. 27.—Joel 2:28,29. Luke 11:9-13. John 3:5-8; 14:16-17,26; 15:26,27; 16:7-15. Acts 2:1-21,32,33. Romans 8:1-17,26,27. I Corinthians 12:1-13. Ephesians 1:13,14; 3:14-21; 4:1-6,30.

GOLDEN TEXT

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. (Rom. 8:14).

For some strange reason most Christian people have little realization of the tremendous place God has given to the office and work of the Holy Spirit in this present age of grace. This lesson is to be welcomed, therefore, as it focuses the study of the Christian world on this vital theme. The scripture selections have been made with wisdom and thoroughness. Any class or student going through them faithfully will gain a right insight into the ministry of the Third Person of the Trinity. Let us be careful to remember that the Holy Spirit is not an influence or a force, but just as literally a person as the Father and the Son.

The Holy Spirit is seen at work repeatedly in the Old Testament, but under different conditions from those that followed Pentecost. Eight centuries before Christ came God promised, through Joel, to pour out the Spirit upon all men in a new way at some latest time, afterwards. This promise was kept on the day of Pentecost, in part at least: it may await its entire fulfillment at some time still further, both for Gentiles and for Jews.

The Lord Jesus during His earthly ministry promised His disciples that the Father would "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." It has been noted that "none of the disciples, with the possible exception of Mary of Bethany, asked for the Spirit in the faith of this promise."

To Nicodemus, the Lord revealed the great truth that entrance into the Kingdom of God is possible only when one is "born again" by the Spirit. The first birth for every one is "of the flesh," naturally. The second birth is "of the Spirit," supernatural. So no one can be saved except by the power and action of the Holy Spirit in his life.

To His disciples, the night before He was crucified, the Lord gave a fuller revelation of the work of the Holy Spirit. In answer to the prayer of the Son, the Father would give them "another Comforter," who would abide with them always. This was "the Spirit of Truth." Christ has been their great Comforter in His visible body presence; now that He must be taken from them the other Comforter would be given. The world—that is, the unsaved—cannot receive this Spirit. But when this Holy Spirit came to the disciples in the name of Christ He would teach them "all things" and bring back to their memory what Christ had taught them. Moreover, His great work as the Spirit of Truth was to be a witness to Christ; "He shall testify of Me."

Then the Lord added a surprising revelation. It was best for the disciples that He Himself should "go away"; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." And there were vital blessings that they could never have until the Holy Spirit did come. Blessings that even Christ could not give them during His earthly ministry. The mutual dependence of the members of the Godhead upon one another is very impressive and very beautiful. There are things the Father cannot do without the Son. There are things the Father and the Son cannot do without the Spirit. There are things the Spirit cannot do without the Father and the Son.

Three great parts of the work of the Holy Spirit are now revealed. When He should come He would convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

The great sin of the world, which the Holy Spirit brings home, is its rejection of Christ.

Christ is the righteousness of God, and when Christ left the world to go to the Father the world had no righteousness left in it; therefore the Holy Spirit had to take Christ's place in this, and show the world the real meaning of righteousness.

The word "judgment" has never been popular with men, most of whom prefer Satan's rule to God's. The Holy Spirit faithfully confronts the world with the necessity of judgment, and with the fact that "the prince of this world," or Satan, is already judged of God unto his eternal destruction, and therefore all who accept Satan's rule must be so judged.

Christ went on to declare that the Spirit would show them things that they could not understand, or "bear," if He (Christ) were to tell them then. The Spirit would guide them "into all truth," this was done when the Spirit came and completed the full revelation of truth for mankind by inspiring the writing of the entire New Testament. Predictive prophecy was to be part of the Spirit's ministry: "He will show you things to come." But, above all else, the Spirit's great work is to make Christ known, both to unbelievers and to believers, and to glorify Christ. What only Christ is, and what only Christ can do for men, is revealed and explained by the Holy Spirit.

The fulfillment of these promises concerning the Holy Spirit came on the Day of Pentecost, and the second chapter of Acts should be studied closely. It was, after Calvary and the Resurrection, one of the greatest days in the history of the world. Without it Christ's death and Resurrection could not have accomplished for a lost race what God proposed.

The eighth chapter of Romans tells how Paul passed from the bitterness of sin's bondage and defeat into the glory of Christ's freedom and victory, by the work of the Holy Spirit. It was the Spirit who showed Paul Christ's sufficiency in answer to the despairing cry of Romans 7: Then all of chapter 8 reveals the glories of the life lived in the Spirit, made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." An entire lesson could well be given to the study of this chapter.

He prays for us as we cannot know how to pray for ourselves, and thus He helps our infirmities. He not only knows and loves Christ, but he enables us to call God "Father."

Dwelling within us, He is the first fruits of our coming redemption in the resurrection or change of our bodies.

He alone enables any man to say "Jesus is the Lord."

He distributes different spiritual gifts arbitrarily, according to His own perfect will, to different Christians.

He baptizes every child of God into the "one body" of Christ. This is the only "baptism of the Spirit" recognized in the Scriptures, the "one baptism," and it is inseparably a part of salvation; there can be no regeneration without it.

Every believer is "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

He strengthens the "inner man" of every believer who is willing to let Christ reign in the heart and thereby be "filled with all the fulness of God."

He alone enables us to comprehend "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

He pleads with us not to grieve Him, as we are certain to by any sin whatsoever.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

The Bell Telephone Company and the American Company

THE relationship between the Bell Telephone Company of Canada and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company consists of—

1. stock—the American company owns thirty-one per cent of Bell Telephone Company shares.
2. contract—the Bell Telephone Company owns a contract by which the American company supplies research products and other services on a sliding scale of payment.

The stock relationship has existed since the Canadian company began in 1880. One-third of the $400,000 needed to form the company was not available until the American company agreed to provide it.

The contract was made in 1923 to put dealings between the two companies on a definite business basis. It may be terminated at the end of 1932 if the Canadian company so desires.

effect of stock relationship

THE telephone system in Ontario and Quebec today is owned by 15,300 shareholders. Of these, 95 per cent live in Canada and own 62 per cent of the total shares.

The largest individual holding is 1510 shares which is one quarter of one per cent of the total. The average individual holding is 27 shares, which yield an income of $216 a year.

The Bell Telephone Company is thus a great enterprise which has become thoroughly democratized and to this the American relationship has contributed two definite advantages:

First, it has been a source of new money for development. The American company, as a shareholder has never failed to respond, in good times or bad, when money was needed to extend the system to meet public demands upon it.

Secondly, it has been a safeguard against exploitation. Attempts on the part of promoters to secure control of the telephone system have failed because the American holding of the company's shares has been in the hands of men who are interested in the telephone business for the progress of the industry and not for its financial exploitation.

effect of the contract

THE Bell Telephone Company has secured three chief advantages by the contract of 1923:—

First, it obtains all products of the Bell laboratories, which are the largest industrial research laboratories in the world, with a staff of five thousand. No single company could hope to support such an organization. It is possible only by co-operation of many associated companies.

One example of research work is the "loading coil" which has eliminated the need for heavy wires increasing in size with distance. This has saved millions of dollars. Similar discoveries have saved other millions for the telephone user and given him a better telephone. The research clause of the contract alone more than balances the contract fee.

Secondly, the Canadian company has rights to the use of all inventions. The American company now owns more than 5,000 patents essential in every phase of telephone operation. The contract gives the Canadian company use of these patents and places the American company under obligation to take out Canadian patents on any new inventions the Canadian company wishes.

Thirdly, the contract gives the Canadian company a steady supply of reports and statistics regarding new operating methods under trial by the associated companies of the American system.

Dangerous experiments are thus avoided. When the Canadian company makes a change in method it is to a well tested method and the services of specialists from the American company are available, by contract, to assist in making it. An example of this is the change from manual to dial system.

Both in the stock holding and in the contract provisions Canadian telephone users are protected and assisted by the relationship with the American company.

B29

KING WINTER AIDS RAILWAY BUILDERS

STEEL TO CHURCHILL, HUDSON BAY TERMINUS, BEING LAID ACROSS MUSKEG.....

Montreal, Jan. 21.—"Laying of steel is proceeding on the Hudson Bay line from mile 356 to Fort Churchill and, if the work moves according to schedule steel will be into the new Hudson Bay terminus before Spring," it was stated by H. A. Dixon, Chief Engineer, Central Region, of the Canadian National Railways, who has just returned from a trip over the line as far as the "Barren Lands."

"The construction of a telegraph line into Fort Churchill is proceeding rapidly," said Mr. Dixon, "and within two months Fort Churchill will be in telegraphic connection with the rest of the world. Building of the pole line is proceeding ahead of the laying of steel."

The cold weather of the territory is being made to assist the contractors in the building of this track rather than hinder them. Under the plans of operation, ties and steel are laid directly on the muskeg, the only work is that by a gang of men who are levelling off humps and surfacing with natural muskeg for the track. A cutting which is to be made at one point will also be made during the winter months. As soon as the steel has been laid into Fort Churchill a steam shovel will be moved to that point where there is ample good ballast for the ballasting of the 50 odd miles of line which remained to be constructed at the beginning of this winter. This steam shovel will be placed in operation and the track will be ballasted from the Fort Churchill end out to the point where construction of the line over the muskeg was begun.

Approximately 500 men are employed in this work north of Mile 356 at the present time and four train crews are being used delivering to the front and in track-laying work.

According to the engineers' reports and also the personal observations made by Mr. Dixon during his visit to the point where work was being carried on, no great difficulty has been experienced in laying the track over the natural muskeg with the exception of weather conditions. Progress on the work was held up for a few days in December on account of bad storms on the "Barren Lands" but from the period just before Christmas up to the present the work has been proceeding according to expectations.

"The contractors," Mr. Dixon said, "are now building caches, hauling supplies, making tote road and so forth from the end of steel to Fort Churchill. The Department of Railways and Canals are operating tractors, which have sleigh runners in front and caterpillar drive wheels. From the end of steel to Fort Churchill a very good road exists over this section where the line is still to be built."

Weather conditions are reported to be very moderate in the north with the exception of a few days around December 20th when work was held up by the storm.

Mr. Dixon was on an inspection trip of the work being carried on on this line when he was called back to Winnipeg on business and come on to Montreal for a conference.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

Believed to Be Family of the Ancient Inhabitants.

The Incas (meaning lords or chiefs) inhabiting certain valleys near Cuzco, and believed to be originally a tribe or family of the Quichuas, the ancient inhabitants of Peru, were prominent under the Inca kings in the thirteen century.

The first Inca was Inanso Capac who called himself "Child of the Sun." With his wife, Mama Ocollo he founded the Peruvian royal family (about 1240). The pair claimed to be children of the sun sent from heaven to instruct the natives. From Manco Capac, descended twelve other historical persons, the last reigning Inca being Huascar, though the lineage was preserved long after.

The Government of the Incas was a mild form of despotism. The Incas made all the laws and imposed the taxes. The sacredotal offices were hi also. He presided over all religious festivals and sacrifices and was not only of the state but of the priesthood as well.

The Incas recognized a supreme being represented at Cuzco by a stone statue covered with gold. Their belief was mixed up with sun and fire worship. Human sacrifices—of any were rare. All the male descendants of the Inca formed the nobility and were the governors of the different sub-divisions of the country. Lands and a large portion of goods were held in common and all classes were compelled to work for a stipulated time for the common welfare of the people.

After the fall of the Incas (about 1531) most of the Quinchua tribes submitted to the Spaniards.

CHEWING BY THE MILE.

Americans Are Said to Chew 100,000 Miles of Gum Annually.

Chewing-gum in its raw state is the juice of a tree known as the sapote, which grows in various parts of Central America.

The saporte is a graceful tree, with a straight trunk some forty feet high. It is tapped very much after the manner of a rubber tree, spiral cuts being made in the bark, through which the juice runs down the trunk to a jar placed at the foot.

The sap, or "chicle," as it is called, looks like milk when it first enters the jar, but on exposure the color changes to a dull yellow, and thickens until it is almost like syrup.

The gum is taken out of the jars, and boiled down in huge pots, after which it is kneaded, and excess moisture is squeezed out. It is then moulded into large loaves, cooled, and wrapped in canvas for exportation to the chewing-gum factory.

In the factory, it is mixed and boiled in copper vats to the desired thickness, and sugar is added with flavoring essences, such as vanilla and peppermint.

EMERALDS.

Succeeds In Supplanting the Ruby as the Stone of Fashion.

The emerald is very liable to cracks and fissures and to blots on its transparency. That is why a perfect emerald is so valuable, far more costly than the diamond, and to-day even more costly than the ruby.

The emerald seems to have been the favorite stone of ancient Egypt. Old emerald mines have been discovered so extensive that hundreds of men must have worked in them at a time, much as they work in the diamond mines of South Africa to-day. Many rings of Cleopatra's time are set with emeralds deeply cut with her portrait. These she is said to have bestowed on foreign ambassadors as a mark of her favor.

The most productive emerald mines of to-day are in Colombia and Venezuela. There is it famous emerald mine near Santa Fee. Stones are still found, however, in some of the old mines of Egypt, and some years ago emeralds of a lovely color were thrown up by the sea near Alexandria. It is possible they came down in the silt of the Nile from the mines of Upper Egypt.

World's Largest Stones.

In the ruins of the famous temple of the sun god, built by the Roman Emperor Antonius Pius, at Baalbek in Syria, are the largest stones ever used.

Some of the great stone blocks are more than 60 feet long and nearly 20 feet square.

The ruins can still be seen a few miles east of the modern city of Beirut.

Caruso's Daughter a Singer.

Gloria Caruso, the nine-year-old daughter of the famous tenor, is said already to have a voice of exceptional promise. Her training is being supervised by John McCormack, and every year until she is sixteen a gramophone record will be made privately to show her vocal progress.

SCOTCH LASSIES FIGURE IN FISH WIVES DANCE

This will be one of the outstanding features of the first Sea Music Festival held at Vancouver, January 24-26, under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Headquarters of the festival will be at the Hotel Vancouver and an unique programme of sea chanties, songs and dances will be given by distinguished singers, fine instrumentalists and well trained artists, under the musical direction of Harold Eustace Key.

Here and There

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Ojibway Indians of the Nipigon district will not touch bear meat because they are mostly members of the Bear Clan, says Ozark Ripley, the well known sporting writer. They are averse to killing the bear and one hunting party relates having to forcibly eat beefsteak and having to bury a bear's carcass because their cook refused to touch the meat.

A trout weighing eight pounds was a catch reported last summer by William Whitebear in the neighbourhood of Banff, Alberta. "My record for the season is 396 fish," he writes, "all caught on rod and line within easy reach of Banff. Recently at Wapta I caught two six pound rainbows and several cutthroat weighing from two to three and a half pounds."

A record was hung up beside the Christmas stockings of the employees of the Canadian Pacific Express Company on Christmas Day when, from coast to coast, every Christmas package was delivered to the destination, except where there was no one to receive them. According to T. E. McDonnell, president of the company, express traffic was unusually heavy this season and was well handled.

Many enquiries for Reward wheat, one of the early ripening varieties evolved by the Canadian Government Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, are being received by the Dominion Cerealist. The farm will have 10,000 bushels of this new wheat for distribution and the 350 growers who were allowed to grow Reward in 1928 will have a crop of 2,000 bushels making available 12,000 bushels for seed in 1929.

Production of agricultural implements and machinery in Canada amounted to $136,286,288 in 1927, according to the Bureau of Statistics, as compared with $38,269,214 for the previous year and $24,776,216 for 1925. Of the 65 firms reporting, 45 were in Ontario, 12 in Quebec, 4 in Manitoba, 4 in Alberta, one in Saskatchewan and one in Prince Edward Island.

Having successfully completed for her trials off Scotland the new Canadian Pacific-British Columbia coastal steamship "Princess Norah" will arrive shortly at Victoria, Vancouver Island. The new ship is the seventeenth "Princess" of the company's fleet and is equipped with bow rudders to facilitate navigation in the narrow channels of the west coast.

Canadian seed wheat is in considerable demand in South America according to officials of the agricultural department of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg. A ton of seed wheat was recently shipped from Brandon to Peruvian wheat ranchers, and it is expected that further orders will come from the South American republic.

Less than a minute was required to launch each boat when the life saving equipment of the Canadian Pacific liner "Duchess of Bedford" received its regular test at New York recently before embarking its Christmas cruise of the West Indies. "The finest and most efficient boat lowering apparatus I have ever seen," was the comment made by John J. Grady, head of the United States steamship inspection service, who was present at the test. The "Duchess of Bedford" is one of four sister ships of the new "Duchess" class all of whom are speedy oil burners and equipped with the same modern life saving apparatus for use in an emergency.

He Tooks No Risks.

Mr. Herbert Hoover, the United States Food Controller, relates the following as his funniest story. "During the earlier part of the Great War I used to have to go back and forth frequently between London and Belgium in connection with the Belgian relief work, which was under my direction.

"These boats had to take their chances with the mines that were constantly breaking away from the fixed minefield in the North Sea and were floating on the surface.

"On one of my last trips before the United States came into the war, I asked the steward, at breakfast, as usual, to keep the account in mind and collect from me at the end of the trip. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally blurted out:—

"'I'm sorry, sir, but when the last boat was blown up the passengers got drowned. We may be sunk at any moment, so I must collect after each meal.'"

ARE YOU UP IN AIR SLANG?

By ERWIN GREER
(President Green College, Chicago Ill.)

You should be up in air slang as it is spoken around the best hangers, otherwise you won't know what your air-minded friends are talking about. Here is some of the latest:

"Hoik 'em up." Used when getting clear of a small field—to lift the plane clear of obstacles.

"Footin' along." Running along sweetly.

"Mushing her in." Or "pancake." Making the plane lose forward speed in landing; keep it from hitting the ground on its nose.

"Haven't cracked a throttle for a week." Meaning he hasn't flown in that time.

Lindbergh and Goebel are "hot flyers." Meaning that they are daring, efficient and real flyers.

The greatly misused term "zooming" actually means pulling the ship upwards after a long dive towards the ground. And "blind flying" means, of course, flying in the rain or fog, with no chance to see where you are going.

A "power landing" is one made by seaplanes or land planes, in a fog when the surface of the water or land is not visible—the sort of landing you and I are not standing in line to make.

A "ground loop" is a successful lateral turn at the moment the plane touches the ground. While "stubbing a toe" happens when a sea plane lands and digs in the front of a pontoon.

There are scores more, and by next year there will be a thousand more slang aeronautical terms. Yet, so common are the terms of this new slang around the hangers that flyers are not conscious that they are creating a brand new slang language.

Where these new terms started nobody knows. Perhaps a pilot was in a hurry one day and wanted to get rid of a long, three-syllable technical term. Anyway, this new slang is here to stay, so you had better get used to it. Otherwise you won't be up on air slang.

RIGHT KIND OF ANGER.

Not Only Inevitable, But at Times Necessary.

There is such a thing as righteous anger. Anger is not only inevitable. It is at times necessary, says Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. Its absence means indifference, the most disastrous of all human failings. Indignation has been the motive power behind the great forward movements in the history of humanity. Indignation has aroused social injustice, indignation at tyranny and persecution, indignation at cruelty have been the mainspring of vast corporate efforts.

The "sweet-empered" man may be a man who is incapable of being angry. This far from being a virtue, is a grave defect. It denotes easy acquiescence, placid acceptance of things as they are, and insensitive toleration of all that life offers. At any rate, he is a rare bird, ill-equipped for the business of living and is deserving of no praise. Whereas "he has a temper" is really a compliment, although we must watch the exhibition of the temper in order to know if the compliment is deserved.

Ideas for Monument.

Many and odd were suggestions advanced by the public when the erection of a monument to Washington, at the capitol, were under consideration! One idea was to erect a great pyramid of earth, each shovel of dirt to be handled by a veteran of the Revolutionary War. The only thing that stopped the plan was the realization that most of the veterans would be dead before the pyramid was well started.

Another plan that was seriously considered was to make the monument like an ornate wedding cake in marble. On a stone base seventy or eighty feet high a graduated succession of circular temples were to be built. In the temples were to be placed statues of great Americans.

Bending Sound Waves.

Explosions, resulting upon the firing of big guns, scientists have learned, warm the air to a height of twenty-five miles. Using a sensitive electrical device developed to determine the distance of guns by their sound, observers have noticed that the explosion is, of course, easily heard close to the gun, farther away it is inaudible, but still farther on it can once more be heard. This is said to be the result of a warm layer of air, at least twenty-five miles high, bending the sound waves back to earth again.

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WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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"Joe Gates, sir," I answered quickly, mouthing the first name which came to my lips.

"Gates—Joe Gates?" peering savagely into my face but unable to distinguish the features. "I never heard of anybody on board by that name. Who is the fellow, Holmes?"

The Englishman gripped me by the sleeve to whirl me about, but as his fingers touched the soaked cloth of my jacket he burst forth with an oath.

"He's wet enough to be the same lad you chucked overboard an hour ago, I believe he is. Say, mate, are you the guy buck we hauled aboard drunk, and dumped into the for'casse?"

"I dunno, sir," I answered dumbly, believing it best not to remember too much. "I couldn't even tell yer what

"What Are You Loafing Here For?"

ship this is, nor how I signed on. Last I seem ter remember I was ashore frum the schooner Caroline; but this yere is a bark."

Haines laughed, already convinced of my identity, and considering it a good joke. Then he proceeded to tell me all about it.

LeVere broke in with a savage snarl. "What's all that? Do you mean, Haines, this is the same d——d scamp who tried to stick me?"

"No doubt of it. But he never knew what he was doin'—he was crazy as a loon. There's nuthin' fer yer ter fuss over now. Tell us about it, Gates—the bath must have sobered yer up."

I watched LeVere, but he remained motionless, a mere shadow.

"I suppose it must have been that, sir," I confessed respectfully, "if things happened as you say they did. I haven't any memory o' tryin' ter slush nobody. Leastwise I seemed ter know what I was about when I cum up. I don't remember how I got ther; furst I knew I was slushin' 'round in the water, a tryin' ter keep afloat. It was so blame dark I cudn't see nuthin', but sumhow I got grip on a bawser, an' hung on till I got back 'nough strength ter clime on board. I knew this wa'n't my ship, so I just lay quiet awhile, figurin' out whar I was."

"Yer English?"

"Born in Bristol, sir, but I was workin' on the Caroline—she's a Colony schooner, in the fish trade. At sea since I was twelve. What's this yere bark—Dutch, ain't she?"

"Once upon a time; just now we are flying whatever flag comes handy. We ain't got no prejudice in flags."

"Is thet a gun forrard, covered with taupalin?"

"Yes, an' yer might find another aft, if yer looked fer it. Mor'n thet, we know how ter use 'em. Now see here, Gates; thar's no reason why we should beat about the bush—fact is we're sea rovers."

"Sea rovers—pirates, sir?"

"Bah! what's a name! We take what we want; it's our trade, that's all. No worse than many another. The question is, are yer goin' ter take a chance 'long with us? It's the only life, lad—plenty of fun, the best of liquor and pretty girls, with a share in all the swag."

"What is the name of this bark?"

"The Namur—out o' Rotterdam till we took her."

"Who's the captain?"

"Silva Sanchez."

"Gawd! Sanchez—not—not 'Black Sanchez?'

"That's him; so yer've heerd of 'Black Sanchez?' Well, we're sailin' 'long with him, all right, mate, an' yer ought ter know whut thet means fer a good man."

I hesitated, yet only long enough to leave the impression I sought to make on them both.

"Likely thar ain't no sailor but what has heerd o' him," I said slowly. "It don't look like thar was much choice, does it?"

LeVere appeared amused in his way, which was not a pleasant one.

"Oh, yes, friend, there is choice enough. Bill, here, had exactly the same choice when he first came—hey, Bill? Remember how you signed on, after we took you off the Albatross? This is how it stands, Gates—either go forrard quietly yerself, or the both of us will kick you there. That will be enough talk. Go on, now."

It was a curt dismissal, coupled with a plain threat, easy to understand. I obeyed the order gladly enough, slinking away into the black shadows forward, realizing my good fortune, and seeking some spot where I could be alone.

The crew had disappeared, lying down no doubt in corners out of the wind. And this wind was certainly rising. I wondered that LeVere hung on so long in his perilous position, although, in spite of the increased strain, the anchor still clung firmly. It occurred to me that no hawser ever made could long withstand the terrific strain of our tugging, as the struggling bark rose and fell in the grip of the sea. To him must have come the same conviction, for suddenly his high-pitched voice rang out from the poop:

"Stand by, forrard, to lower the starboard anchor; move lively, men. Everything ready, Haines?"

"All clear, sir. Come on the jump, bullies!"

"Then let go smartly. Watch that you don't get the line fouled. Aloft there! Anything in sight, Cavere?"

From high up on the fore-top yard, the answer, blown by the wind, came down in broken English:

"Non, m'sieur; I see nottings."

I joined the watch forward. The number of men on deck was evidence of a large crew, there being many more than were necessary for the work to be done. Most of them appeared to be able seamen, and Haines drove them mercilessly, cursing them for lubbers, and twice kicking viciously at a stooping form. Then the great rope began to slip swiftly through the hawse hole, and we heard the sharp splash as the iron flukes struck the water, and sank. Almost at that same instant the voice of Cavere rang out from the masthead:

"A sail, m'sieur—a sail!"

"Where away?"

"Off ze port quarter. I make eet to be ze leetle boat—she just round ze point."

CHAPTER XI.

The Return of the Boat.

The crew hurried over to the port rail. Beyond doubt most of those aboard realized that this had been an expedition of some importance, the culmination of their long wait on the coast, part of some scheme of their chief, in the spoils of which they expected to share. Moreover this boat approaching through the darkness was bringing back their shore leave, and however else they might feel toward him, the reckless daring, and audacious resourcefulness of Sanchez meant success.

I was made to comprehend all this by the low, muttered utterances of those crowding near me, spoken in nearly every language of the world. Much I could not translate, yet enough reached my ears to convince me of the temper of the crew—their feverish eagerness to be again at sea, under command of a captain whom they both hated and feared—a cruel, cold-blooded monster, yet a genius in crime, and a natural leader of such men as these, Black Sanchez! I listened to their comments, their expectations, with swiftly beating heart, I alone knew what that boat was bringing. What would be the result when the dead body of their leader came up over the rail?

LeVere shouted an order, and a sudden flare was lighted amidships, the circle of flame illuminating a part of the deck, and spreading out over the wild expanse of water. Scarcely had a minute elapsed before it came sweeping into the radius of light—at first a dim, spectral shadow, scarcely to be recognized; then, almost as suddenly, revealed in all its details—a boat of size, flying toward us under a lug sail, keeling well over, and topping the sea swells like a bird on wing. LeVere called for men to stand by, the fellows rushing past me to their stations, but, in the fascination of the moment, I failed to move. I could do nothing but stare out across the intervening water, with eyes fastened on that swiftly approaching boat. I must see, I must know the message it brought; what story it held of the tragedy. Manuel held the tiller, with Rojas seated beside him, leaning forward, and gesticulating with one hand, as he directed the course. I had never seen these two, yet I knew them beyond a doubt. Mendez and Anderson (at least I supposed these to be the two) were poised at the sail halyards, ready to let the straining sheet down at a run, while Cochese crouched low by the bow, his black hand uplifted, gripping a coil of rope. Their faces were all turned forward, lighted by the flare from our deck, and I felt a shudder of fear run over me—to experience an easy countenance spoke of defeat; even the ugly features of the negro beamed with delight.

But was that all? Was that all? Surely not. Forward of the single mast was stowed the chest, while in the open space between the helmsman and the two sailors were stretched two motionless bodies. LeVere, gripping a stay-rope, and leaning well out, hailed in Spanish.

"Ahoy, the boat! You can make it?"

"Ay!" came back Estada's voice. "Stand by to send us off. Call all hands, and break anchor as soon as we are aboard."

"Very well, sir. Where is Captain Sanchez?"

Estada pointed downward in swift, tragic gesture.

"There at my feet—badly hurt, but will recover. Send two men down to help when we make fast. Now, Cochese, prepare to go ahead; watch out there!"

I stood, gripping hard at the rail, and staring down at the scene below, and the men in the boat made fast. Cochese jumped, and helpless, unable to move, I had no hesitation in remaining there; every prospect of security depended on my joining the crew. Yet only one single glance down into the boat was not dead! And that other body? That of Dorothy Fletcher, without doubt, yet certainly not lifeless. If their presence was the plot—and who else could it be?—she was bound alive, helplessly bound to prevent either struggle or outcry, and destined to a fate far worse than death.

My own life hung in the balance, my rather my death was already sealed. There seemingly was not one chance for escape left—that was to drop silently overboard and drift, as I would be the craven act of a coward. Better far to stay, and kill, or even be killed, than to be forever cursed by my own conscience.

The fellows sent down from the main chains to the boat brought the injured captain up first. This required the services of three men, his body hanging limp between them, his upturned face showing ghastly in the flaming of the torch thrust out over the rail. To every appearance it was apparently a corpse they handled, except for their tenderness, and a single groan to which the white lips gave utterance, when one of the bearers slipped, wrenching the wounded body with a sharp pang of pain. Once safely on deck, the three bore him across to the after cabin and disappeared down the steps.

Estada had already swung himself up into the chains, while Anderson and Mendez were lifting the girl to her feet, and rather roughly purging her forward. Her eyes reflected all the unutterable horror which for the moment dominated her mind, while her loosened hair, disarranged by struggle, served to intensify the pallor of her face.

"Hustle her along lively, boys," shouted back Estada coarsely, "if she won't move, give her a shove. Then tie her up again, and take off the irons; a rope round her. What do you think this is—a queen's reception? Move lively, senorita," in mock sarcasm.

Her gaze settled on him, where he hung far out, grasping a backstay, watching the movements below, and her slender form straightened as by the acquisition of new strength.

"If these creatures will take their hands off me," she said, using their tongue without a tremor in the clear voice. "I can easily go up alone. What is it you are so afraid of—a woman?"

The expression of Estada's face promised an outburst of profanity, but, instead of giving it utterance, he lifted his cap in a sudden pretense at gallantry.

"Your pardon, senorita," he said in a tone of mockery. "If you have come to your senses at last, it is well. Leave her alone, men. Now, my beauty, I am adding you at your own word—a step, and then the protection of my hand. We welcome you, as a guest aboard."

A moment and she had attained the deck. Estada chose to continue playing the fool.

"Thanks, senorita—thanks," he began softly, and again bowing before her cap in hand. "We greet you with the honor aboard the Namur—"

"Enough of that, you coward, you murderer," she broke in coldly. "Do not touch nor speak to me."

She turned her back on him, thus coming face to face with LeVere, who stood enjoying the scene, a wide grin on his dark face, revealing a row of white teeth under a jet-black mustache.

"You, sir—you are an officer?"

"I have charge of the deck."

"Then where am I to go?"

The mulatto, surprised by the sudden question, glanced inquiringly toward Estada, who had already completely lost his sense of humor.

Chose to Continue Playing the Fool.

"Go!" the latter growled. "Why send the wench below. I'll see to her later, and teach her who is the master here. Off with her now, but be back quickly." He leaned out over the rail, sending his gruff voice below. "Send up that chest, you men. Hook on the boat, Manuel, and let her drag; we must get out of here in a hurry. All ready, aloft?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then sheet home; how is it forrard?"

"Both anchors apeak, sir."

"Smartly done—hand down with your helm there! That's it; now let her play off slowly."

He caught sight of me. All the savage brutality of his nature had been brought to the surface by Dorothy's stinging words, and he sought now some fit opportunity to give it vent. Before I could move, he had gripped me by the collar, and swung me about, so that the light streaming out from the cabin fell directly on my face.

"What the devil are you doing, loafing aft here? I've seen you hanging about for ten minutes, never lifting a hand. Who are you anyhow?"

"Joe Gates, sir."

"Gates—another damned Englishman! How did you ever get aboard here?"

It was the returning LeVere who made explanation before I could reply.

"Manuel brought him on board last night. Picked him up drunk ashore."

"I see. Well now, do you happen to have anybidea who I am, Gates?"

"No, sir—only that you are one of the officers."

"I am the first officer, and in command at present. Pedro Estada is my name. Now, you damned English beggar, remember that!"

Before I even suspected what was coming, his unexpected action as swift as the leap of a poised tiger, he struck me fairly between the eyes with the butt of a pistol, and I went down sprawling onto the deck. For a moment I seemed, in spite of the viciousness of the blow, to retain a spark of consciousness. I knew he kicked me savagely with his heavy sea boots; I felt the pain, and even heard the words, and curses, accompanying each brutal stroke.

"You drunken dog! You whelp of a sea wolf! You English cur! Take that—damn you! And that! You'll not forget me for awhile. That's it —squirm, I like to see it. When you wake up again, you'll remember Pedro Estada. How did that feel, you grunting pig? Here, LeVere, Manuel, throw this sot into the forecastle. Curse you, here is one more to jog your memory."

The heavy iron-shod boot landed full in my face, and every sensation left me as I sank limply back, bloody and unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

A Friend in the Forecastle.

I slowly opened my eyes to find myself lying in an upper bunk of the forecastle. Memory soon returned, stimulated no doubt by the aching of my body where Estada had so brutally kicked me with his heavy boot. The heavy rolling of the bark clearly evidenced that we were already at sea, and bucking against a high wind. It was a dark, dismal, smelly interior, amply large enough, but ill ventilated, and inexpressibly dirty. I must have been lying unconscious for several hours. I rested back, feeling of the numerous bruises on my body, and touching gingerly the dried blood caked on my face. No very serious damage seemed to have been done, although every muscle and tendon appeared to be strained and lacerated. Clinching my teeth to keep back a groan, I succeeded in sitting upright. My head touching the upper deck, as I undertook to survey my surroundings. About half the bunks seemed to be occupied, the figures of the sleeping men barely discernible.

As I sat there, staring about at this scene there was a stir within the upper berth on my own level, and an uplifted face appeared suddenly in the yellow flare of light. It was manifestly an English face at first glance, rosy of cheek, with chestnut beard. A pair of humorous, gray eyes surveyed me silently, and then, apparently satisfied by the scrutiny, the owner sat up in the bunk, revealing powerful shoulders, and a round, bull neck.

"Ahoy, mate," he said pleasantly, endeavoring to speak low, the effort resembling the growl of a bear. "How do you feel—pretty sore?"

"Ache from head to foot," I answered, immediately feeling his friendliness. "But no harm done."

"I saw part of it. The damn black brute kicked savagely enough, but at that you're lucky; it's the Spanish style to use a knife. I've seen that cock slash a man into ribbons for nothing at all—just to show he was bad. Haines tells me your name is Gates, and that you are English."

"That's right; I shipped first out of Bristol."

"So did I, mate—twenty years ago though, and I never went back since. My name is Tom Watkins. Let's shake; there is quite a sprinkling of us Britishers aboard, and we ought to hang together."

He put out a big, hairy fist, and I gripped it heartily, decidedly liking the man as his eyes frankly met mine. He appeared honest and square, a fine type of the English seaman.

"Tom Watkins, you said. May I ask if you were out on the bow-sprit along with Haines last night?"

"Just afore the longboat come in! Yes, we were there."

"Well, I was down below, hanging to the cable, and overheard you two

He Glanced About Warily.

talking together. Somehow, Watkins, you do not seem to me to fit in exactly with this gang of pirates; you don't look to be that sort. How long have you been with them?"

He glanced about warily, lowering his voice until it became a hoarse whisper.

"Three years, mate, and most of that time has been hell. I haven't even been ashore, but once, and that was on an island. These fellows don't put any trust in my kind, nor give them any chance to cut and run. Once in awhile a lad does get away, but most of them are caught; and those that are sure get their punishment. They never try it again. I've seen them staked out on the sand and left to die; that ain't no nice thing to remember."

"But how did you come into it?"

"Like most of the rest. I was second mate of the Ranger, a Glasgow brig. These fellows overhauled us at daybreak about a hundred miles off the east end of Cuba. Our skipper was Scotch, and he put up some fight, but it wasn't any use. There was only three of us left alive when the pirates came aboard. One of these died two days later, and another was washed overboard and drowned down in the Gulf. I am all that is left of the Ranger."

"You saved your life by taking on?"

"Sanchez had the two of us, who were able to stand, back in his cabin. He put it to us straight. He said it was up to us whether we signed up or walked the plank; and he didn't appear to care a damn which we chose."

"And you say others of this crew have been obtained in the same manner?" I questioned, deeply interested, and perceiving in this a ray of hope.

"Not exactly—no, I wouldn't precisely say that. It's true, perhaps, that most of the Britishers were forced to join in about the same way I was, and there may be a Scandinavian or two, with a few Dutch, to be counted in that list; but the most are pirates from choice. It's their trade, and they like it. Sanchez only aims to keep hold of a few good men, because he has got to have sailors; but most of his crew are nothing but plain cutthroats. Indians and half-breeds, niggers, creoles, Portuguese, Spanish, and every mongrel you ever heard of. Sanchez himself is half French. The hellhound who kicked you is a Portuguese, and LeVere is more nigger than anything else. I'll bet there is a hundred rats on board this Namur right now who'd cut your throat for a sovereign, and never so much as think of it again."

"A hundred? Is there that many aboard?"

"A hundred an' thirty all told. Most o' 'em bunk amidships. They're not salt-horse, but just cut-throats, an' sea wolves. Yer ought ter see 'em swarm out on deck, like hungry rats, when thar's a fight comin'. It's all they're good for."

"Watkins," I said soberly, after a pause during which he spat on the dirty deck to thus better express his feelings, "do you mean to say that in three years you've had no chance to escape? No opportunity to get away?"

"Not a chance, mate; no more will you. I know what yer thinkin' 'bout. I had them notions too when I fust come aboard—got over all the decent sort together, and takin' the vessel. 'Twon't work; thar ain't 'nough who wud risk it, and if thar was, yer couldn't get 'em together. Sanchez is too damn smart fer thet. Every damn rat is a spy. I ain't hed no such talk as this afore in six months. Gates; the last time cost me twenty lashes at the mast-foot. What'd yer have in yer mind, mate?"

"Only this, Watkins. I've got to do something, and believe I can trust you with it—but my life I'm thinking about, but that of a woman."

"A woman! Not the one brought aboard last night?"

"Exactly; now listen—I'm going to tell you my story, and ask your help. My name is not Gates, and I am not the man Mendez brought aboard drunk, and who was thrown over the rail by LeVere. That fellow was drowned, I am Geoffry Carlyle, an English skipper."

Thereupon I told him my story in detail. Then I said:

"I have no plan; to become a member of the crew was my only thought. But I must act, if at all, before the captain recovers. He would recognize me at sight. You will aid, advise me?"

"That is easier to ask than answer, mate," he admitted finally. "I am an English seaman, and will do my duty, but, so far as I can see, there is no plan we can make. It is God who will save the girl, if she is to be saved. He may use us to that end, but it is wholly beyond our power to accomplish it alone. The only thing I can do is to sound out the men aboard, and learn just what we can expect of them if any opportunity to act comes. There are not more than a dozen at most to be relied upon. Play your part, and keep quiet. If you can let her know of your presence aboard it might be best—but she saw you suddenly, unprepared, she might say or do something to betray you. There are other reasons why it may be best for her to know she is not entirely deserted."

He turned over, motioning me toward him, until his lips were at my ear.

"It may not prove as hopeless as it appears now," he whispered confidentially. "I helped carry Sanchez to his stateroom, and washed and dressed his wound. There is no surgeon aboard. He has a bad cut, and is very weak from loss of blood. The question of our success hinges on Pedro Estada. This is a chance he has long been waiting for. The only question is, has he the nerve to act. I doubt if he has alone, but LeVere is with him, and that half-breed would cut the throat of his best friend. You understand? —the death of Sanchez would make Estada chief."

"But," I interposed, "in that case what would the crew do?"

"Accept Estada, no doubt; at least the cut-throats would be with him, for he is of their sort. But Sanchez's death would save you from discovery, and," his voice still lower, so that I barely distinguished the words, "in the confusion aboard, if we were ready, the Namur might be so disabled as to compel them to run her ashore for repairs. That would give you a chance. If once we reach Porto Grande there is no hope."

A marling-spike pounded on the scuttle, and Haines' voice roared down.

"Port watch! Hustle out, bullies!"

CHAPTER XIII.

I Accept a Proposal.

I went on deck with the watch, and mingled with them forward. A Portuguese boatswain set me at polishing the gun mounted on the forecastle. I was busily at work on this bit of ordnance, when Estada came on deck for a moment. The fellow chanced to observe me.

"You must be a pretty tough bird, Gates," he said roughly, "or I would have killed you last night—I had the mind to."

Something about his voice and manner led me to feel that, in spite of his roughness, he was not in bad humor.

"That would have been a mistake, sir," I answered, straightening up, rag in hand, "for it would have cost you a good seaman. Three years ago I was skipper on my own vessel. The Bombay Castle, London to Hongkong; I wrecked her on Cape Mendez in a fog. I was drunk below, and it cost me my ticket."

"You know West Indian waters?"

"Slightly; I made two voyages to Panama, and one to Havana."

"And speak Spanish?"

"A little bit, sir, as you see; I learn languages easily."

He stared straight into my face, but without uttering another word, turned on his heel and went below. I had finished my labor on the carronade, and was fastening down securely the tarpaulin, when a thin, stoop-shouldered fellow, with a hang-dog face crept up the ladder to the poop, and shuffled over to LeVere.

"Mister LeVere, sir."

"Well, what is it, Gunsmules?"

"Senor Estada, sir; he wishes to see a sailor named Gates in the cabin."

"Who? Gates? Oh, yes, the new man. He swept his eyes about, until he saw me. "Follow the steward below; Senor Estada wishes to see you—go just as you are."

"Very good, sir."

The fellow led me away. There was no one in the main cabin. I followed the beckoning steward, who rapped with his knuckles on one of the side doors. Estada's voice answered.

I stepped inside, doubtful enough of what all this might mean, yet quite prepared to accept of any chance it might offer. Estada sat upright in the chair gazing straight at me, his own face clearly revealed in the light from the open port. His face was swarthy, long and thin, with hard, set lips under a long, intensely black mustache, his cheeks strangely eviscerated by lines. The nose was large, distinctively Roman, yielding him a hawklike appearance, but it was his eyes which fascinated me. They were dark and deeply set, absolute wells of cruelty. I had never before seen such eyes in the face of a human being; they were beastly, devilish; I could feel my blood chill as I looked into their depths, yet I held myself erect and waited for the man

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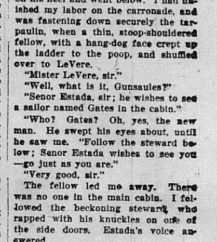

I Waited for the Man to Speak.

to speak. Then his lips curled in what was meant to be a smile. He

(Continued on page 6.)

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON—IN—LAW
PA IS NOT HIMSELF
BY WELLINGTON
BRAVO, OLD CHAP! BRAVO! I'D NO IDEA YOU WERE SO COLLY GOOD AT CLOG-DAWNCING! RAHLY!
GR-R-R!
HE ASSAULTED ME POOR NO REASON WHAT-EVAH! BALLY OUTRAGE, BY JOVE!
ER-WELL TRY AND FORGIVE HIM, DEAR.—PA IS NOT HIMSELF TODAY!
HE'S SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF JUMPING TOOTHACHE!
ER-LIH-OH!
c. H. wellington

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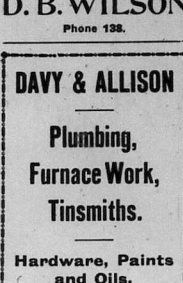

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ANNUAL MEETING OF V.O.N.

The annual meeting of the Napanee branch of the V.O.N. was held on Thursday evening, January 17th, in the Public Library.

Following are the officers for 1929 :

Hon. President—Mrs. F. F. Miller.

President—Mrs. Geo. Switzer.

1st-Vice-President—Mrs. W. H. Milsap.

2nd Vice-President—Mrs. W. Smith.

3rd Vice-President—Mrs. Geo. Gibbard.

Secretary—Mrs. C. B. Creighton.

Treasurer—Miss Mary Leamy.

Convenors :—Women's Finance Committee, Mrs. C. I. Maybee ; Men's Finance Committee, Mr. J. M. Simpson ; Relief Committee, Miss Josephine Leamy.

NAPANEE BRANCH

Report of Secretary for 1928

During the year we had eleven regular meetings with an average attendance of twelve.

We are very fortunate to have Miss Lawder as local nurse in charge, whose efficient work is greatly appreciated.

In April a Guest Tea was given by the Order. Then at different times throughout the year members opened their homes for several tables of bridge, which added to our funds.

In July a large bridge party was put on at the Golf and Country Club House from which the proceeds were very gratifying to the Committee.

The usual Tag Day was held on the second day of the Fair.

By the energetic work and influence of Miss J. Leamy a carnival was put on in November at the armouries.

Through the generosity of the members of various societies in helping in the booths, and in donations, a splendid amount of money was cleared.

The Relief Committee has lessened the suffering throughout the town.

Sewing meetings are held each Monday afternoon at the town hall.

The annual meeting of the Board of Convenors, held at Ottawa in June, was attended by Mrs. Geo. Switzer, our President, who brought back a very helpful report.

The child welfare clinic is a very important branch of the nurse's work, and has been fairly well attended each Thursday afternoon. Since a room has been provided for these meetings in the town hall we hope for a better attendance.

The thanks of the committee are extended to the Town Council and Board of Education for the annual grants ; to the local press for generous help and co-operation at all times ; to all organizations and individuals who have contributed money , whether in large or small sums ; indeed to any and all who have helped us by their interest and support, we give cordial thanks.

ELA CREIGHTON, Sec'y.

YEARLY STATEMENT VICTORIAN ORDER NURSES

Receipts

Dec. 31, 1928.

By cheques, School Board	$300.00
Cheques Town Council	500.00
By cheques Metropolitan Ins. Co.	186.50
By cash, Miss Lawder	220.80
By cash, Social Service Carnival	656.07
By cash, Donations (S.S. $5.65, V.O.N. 82)	7.65
By cash, Guest Tea	110.50
By cash, Napanee Bridge Club	11.50
By cash, Mrs. Switzer and Mrs. Sills	10.80
By cash, Bridge Golf Club	58.00
By cash, Tag Day	196.43
By cash, Mrs. Creighton's bridge	15.30
By cash, Interest	9.98
By cash, Mary Daly recital	135.75
Total receipts	$2433.38

Disbursements

Dec. 31, 1928.

To Nurse's salary	$1600.00
Nurse's expenses	43.52
Social service and relief	41.12
Mary Daly 40% recital	54.00
Mrs. Madden	5.00
Rent town hall	10.00
Printing Mary Daly recital	11.33
Excise stamps	.81
Printing tag day and pavement dance	9.54
Miscel. disbursements	11.40
Disbursements re carnival	249.44
Total disbursements	$2026.16
Dec. 31, 1928	
By total receipts	$2433.38
bal. from 1927	69.77
To disbursements	$2026.16
balance	876.99
	$2903.15 $2903.15
By balance	$876.99
V.O.N. bal.	$505.83
Social relief bal.	371.16
	$876.99 $876.99

M. L. LEAMY.
Treasurer V.O.N.

Napanee, Jan. 15th, 1929,
Audited and found correct.
J. M. THOMSON,
R. J. LANCASTER.

NURSE'S ANNUAL REPORT

During the year 118 cases were nursed.

Visits—

Prenatal	88
Obstetrical	164
Infants' of obs. cases	134
Postnatal	67
Pneumonia	30
Other communicable	49
Chronics	17
Others	216
Clinics and classes	80
School inspection	233
Home school	159
Child welfare	410
Instructive	84
On behalf of patients	69
Patients not seen	69
Supervising of students	20
Total	1846
Other Sub-Divisions—	
Insurance visits (including infants of obs.)	216
Free bedside nursing visits	15
Night calls	24
Telephone consultations	60
Consultations in office	3
Clinics attended	20
Meetings attended	28
Meetings addressed	2
Student nurses' observation visits	20
Collection	3
No. of false delivery calls	1
Total number of hours spent in Del. service	74
Fees—	
Patients (for del. service)	$62.00
Patients (for all other service)	158.80
Insurance Co.	186.50
Total	$407.30
Child Welfare—	
Total cases listed	103
Number of homes visited	410
Clinic Work—	
Total cases registered	55
Number clinics held	55
Total attendance at clinics	320
Number referred to own physicians	5
Number of instructional consultations	298
School—	
Number of visits to schools	122
Hours spent in schools	233
Number of children inspected	4111
Number of children weighed	984
Defects corrected	136
Number of minor ailments	44
Classroom health talks	95
Referred to own physicians	69
Referred to local clinic	15
Number of children excluded	26
Number of home school visits	159
Nurse in charge, L. LAWDER.	

RELIEF COMMITTEE

The relief Committee which meets on Monday afternoons in the Council Chamber is a sub-committee of the Board of V.O.N. It is organized to care for cases of want, coming to the attention of the V.O.N. Nurse, and the convenor of that committee.

Receipts—

Nov. 6, 1928.	
Carnival	$656.07
Donations	5.65
Total receipts	$661.72

Disbursements—

Carnival	$249.44
Relief work and machine	41.12
Total	$290.56
Balance on hand	$371.16

Number assisted during the year 463.

There were seven sewing meetings, with an average attendance of 16.

The committee wish to thank the Mayor and the Town Council for the use of the council chamber for the sewing meetings, and for two large cupboards for the supplies ; to the Rotary Club for distributing boxes at Christmas time ; and to all, who helped, in any way, to make the work a success.

JOSEPHINE LEAMY,
Convenor.

Napanee, Jan. 7th, 1929.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Morning worship. Sermon, "Having Eyes, They See Not."

11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.

7 p.m.—Public Worship.

Sermon, Beginning a series on "Questions Put to Jesus." 1, "Why Hast Thou Dealt Thus With Us."

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Sunday School Annual Meeting.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m., January 30th.—Annual Congregational Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Start Her Collection

Of Pearl Tour on Ivory ! Clocks, trays, mirrors, combs, buffets, etc.—blue, rose and pearl. All very reasonably priced at Wallace's.

Mother and Daughter Banquet.

The Mother and Daughter Banquet, under the auspices of the Woman's Institute, will be held on Monday night, at 6.30 o'clock, in the town hall. Mrs. Towriss, of Athens, has been secured as the speaker of the evening. Mrs. Towriss is a graduate, and her subject will be "The World's Greatest Enigma — Woman." Members are urged to obtain their tickets early. 9-b

Napanee On The Air.

The Napanee programme sponsored by the Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring Company, of Weston, Ont., of which Mr. W. J. Jewell is Napanee agent, will be on the air from station C.K.G.W., at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23rd, from 10 to 11 p.m. The programme will be given by Miss Mary Daly, Miss Mary McGrath, and Mr. Reg. Wiseman, together with a five minute talk on Napanee. Tune in your set on Wednesday evening and listen to the Napanee artists.

Short Courses.

Short Courses in Agriculture and Home Economics will be held in the town hall, Newburgh, Feb. 4th to Mar. 1st. A wide range of subjects will be taught, the courses are very practical and should be of interest to everyone interested in better agriculture. It may be several years before another Course is held at Newburgh. Therefore do not miss the opportunity. Plan to attend. For calendar or further particulars write

A. D. RUNIONS,
Department of Agriculture,
9-a Napanee, Ont.

Election of Officers.

On Monday evening Wm. Davis, D.D.G.P., installed the officers of Mt. Ararat Encampment as follows :

J.P.C.P.—J. W. Thompson.
C.P.—W. S. Exley.
H. P.—Perry Cassan.
J.W.—Jas. McGillivray.
Guide—T. B. Mills.
Scribe—Wm. VanDusen.
Treas.—A. J. Smith.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Dennee.

Bath, Jan. 17.—Fortified by the rites of the Holy Catholic Church, and surrounded by a loving family, there passed to her eternal reward on January 7th, 1929, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Dennee in her eighty-ninth year, and since her marriage, a life-long resident of South Fredericksburgh. The late Mrs. Dennee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Donnell, was born at Lindsay, Ont., but at an early age moved with her parents to Kingston, where her father taught languages. She resided there until her early marriage with the late John R. Dennee of Bath. Deceased claimed her devoted husband sixteen years previously and she leaves to mourn a kind and gentle mother two sons, and six daughters : Mrs. F. J. Duffy, of Hamilton ; Mrs. C. D. Brown, of Bath ; Mrs. C. J. Coy, of Syracuse ; Miss Helena Dennee, of Syracuse ; Misses Ethel and Josephine, at home ; Mr. Eugene Dennee, of Kingston ; and Mr. John Dennee, at home. Another daughter, Sister Mary Veronica (Maud) pre-deceased her mother some years ago. The funeral was held from the family residence on Thursday, January 10th, to St. Lucy's Church, Bath, where requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lacey, of Deseronto. The high esteem in which the deceased was held, was evidenced by the many spiritual and floral offerings and kind sympathy extended to the familiy.

Flood Damages.

The traffic storm of Friday night caused a lot of inconvenience to a lot of people, and while the total damage is considerable, no individual damage was great. The river above the falls overflowed into Springside Park making it a lake, but it soon drained off. The canal overflowed all along the south side without doing very much damage. A good many cellars were more or less flooded and several furnaces put out of commission, but a few hours afterwards the water was all gone again. The basement of the Presbyterian church, and other properly along the creek suffered a good deal of inconvenience from the flood of water which the creek could not carry away. At one time during the storm water was running over the floor of the highway bridge at the east end of Dundas street, something that has never happened before as the bridge is over ten feet above the usual water level.

At Newburgh Jas. Burns lost sixteen head of cattle when the basement barn, in which they were housed, was flooded. The front door of the barn was burst in by the rush of water from a creek which flows beside the barn and as the door on the opposite side of the barn held the water rose until the cattle were drowned. Three horses in the barn were found with their feet in the mangers which allowed them to keep their heads above water.

Calendars and Diaries.

A suitable gift to keep track of the days and doings.

HOGARTH'S.

Trinity Church W.M.S.

The Women's Missionary Society of Trinity United Church have just closed another successful year's work. At the recent annual meeting favorable reports were read from all committees, the treasurer's report being particularly encouraging, as it showed a very substantial increase over the amount raised last year, and also an increase over the amount raised by the society in any previous year. A nice sum was realized for supply work and an interesting and valuable Christmas missionary box was sent to a distant point. The Ready Helpers' Class, of the Sunday School, made their customary generous gift of a Life Membership Certificate, the recipient being Mrs. Percy Vine. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President—Mrs. S. L. Daly.

1st Vice-President—Miss Alma Thompson.

2nd Vice-President—Mrs. E. Kaylor.

3rd Vice-President—Mrs. A. Fellows.

Rec. Sec.—Mrs. H. L. VanLuven

Assist. Rec. Sec.—Mrs. H. Creighton.

Corresponding Sec'y.—Mrs. G. H. Cowan.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. E. Robinson.

Supt. Christian Stewardship—Mrs. D. B. Wilson.

Assist. Christian Stewardship—Mrs. Geo. Switzer.

Press Sec'y.—Mrs. H. Pawson.

Supply Sec'y.—Mrs. C. Vandervoort.

Assoc. Helpers' Sec'y.—Mrs. Jas. Rose.

Strangers' Sec'y.—Miss B. Dunbar.

Assistants—Mrs. Joyner and Mrs. J. Vine.

Supt. Mission Band—Mrs. F. Herrington.

Assistants—Mrs. B. Gilbert and Mrs. F. Bell.

Supt. Mission Circle—Miss B. Hawley.

Pianist—Miss B. Baughn

Literature Sec'y. — Miss A. Thompson.

Finance Committee—Mrs. D. B. Wilson, Mrs. J. E. Robinson, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. G. Cowle, Mrs. F. Henderson.

Nominating Committee—Mrs. D. B. Wilson, Mrs. Trenouth, Mrs. Geo. Switzer.

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.
45-tf **SPENCER & SON.**

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Services Sunday, January 27th : 10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sunday school 11.45 a.m.

7 p.m.—Public Worship.

Monday, 7.30 p. m.—Young People's League.

Mid-week Bible Class every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Studies in Pilgrim's Progress.

Jan. 23rd. "Vanity Fair."

Congregational meeting in Sunday School Room, Jan. 24th, at 7.30 p.m.

Good News

For Bronchitis, Cough, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Tonsilitis, Sore Throat and Tonsil sufferers. Use Mrs. Sybilla Spahr's Tonsilitis. It works wonders, and is guaranteed. Napanee Druggists. 9-b

Poultry Wanted !

We pay the highest cash prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
18-1-y Napanee.

Maple Leaf Anti Freeze !

Drive up to our side door and let us fill your radiator. The mixture costs about 80c. a gallon. Anti freeze. We test too, without charge. Wallace's, agents for Maple Leaf Anti freeze.

Re-Union to be Held by Aylsworth Family.

According to an announcement by Fraser Aylsworth, Secretary of the Aylsworth Re-Union Association, descendants of Bowen Aylsworth, who settled in Lennox County about three miles north of Bath in 1788, will hold a reunion on the homestead at an unannounced date during the coming summer. The farm, which was taken by Bowen Aylsworth, who was a United Empire Loyalist, has remained in the family name and is now owned by David Aylsworth, of Napanee, and is occupied by his son, David, Jr. The following officers have been elected by the association : Honorary President, Sir Allen Aylsworth, K. C., K.C.M.G., Toronto ; President, David Aylsworth, Napanee ; Secretary, Fraser Aylsworth, Madoc ; Advisory Committee, David Fraser Aylsworth, Bath ; Morley Aylsworth, London ; Dr. Ralph Aylsworth, Trenton ; R. L. Aylsworth, Cataraqui ; Mrs. Emma Burritt, Napanee ; Mrs. Wm. Deroche, Napanee ; G. Geo. Ham, Odessa.

Annual Meeting of Ladies' Aid of Grace Church.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid of Grace Church was held on Thursday, January 17th, in the Sunday School rooms. After devotional exercises conducted by the minister, Rev. W. P. Woodger, the President, Mrs. Stanley Wales, asked for the various reports. The names of 135 members were found recorded on the roll. The society started the year with a balance of $258.26, and raised during the year $1075.75. With an expenditure of $767.04 the books were closed with a balance of $528.60. But immediately this balance was reduced by a generous vote of $300 to replace the debt in connection with the renovation of the Sunday School rooms. The ladies decided to change the name from the "Ladies' Aid" to "The Woman's Association," in conformity with the terminology of the Manual of the United Church of Canada. The minister then presided over the election of officers which resulted as follows :

Hon. President—Mrs. R. J. Smith, Mrs. W. P. Woodger.

President—Mrs. Stanley Wales.

1st Vice-President—Mrs. F. H. Card.

2nd Vice-President—Mrs. A. Kitchen.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. E. Vine.

Financial Secretary—Mrs. Fred Russell.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. N. Loucks.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. M. B. Judson.

Convenor of Parsonage Committee—Mrs. F. H. Card.

Convenor of Sick and Flower Committee—Mrs. T. Symington.

Convenor of Devotional Dept—Mrs. J. B. Stalker.

Convenor of Communion Cups Committee—Mrs. Walter Thompson.

Auditors—Miss K. Sharpe, Mrs. N. B. Miller.

St. Denis Toilet Preparations !

To see them and to get their delightful fragrance is to fall in love with St. Denis Toilet Preparations—Bath salts in extremely beautiful jars, perfumes, powders, creams, all in packages suitable to hold such lovely goods. A splendid assortment is now being shown at Wallace's Drug Store.

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and quite moderate.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL LINE OF FURNITURE, WALLPAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold their regular monthly meeting in the library Tuesday, January 29th, at three o'clock.

St. Michael's Academy, a handsome four storey school at Belleville, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, nothing but the bare stone walls remaining.

I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak, and He will show you things to come. A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father, John 16:12-13 and 16.

Jesus I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what thou art
I am finding out the greatness
Of thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon thee,
And thy beauty fills my soul
For by thy transforming power
Thou hast made me whole.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Elms from China.

Elms from China are brightening the farms of Kansas and giving relief to the one-time level monotony of the wind-blown plains of the west. Dr. Frank C. Gates, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, reports. West of the rolling prairie region the climate is too severe and droughty for the successful growth of the American elm, favorite street and yard tree in eastern states ever since colonial times. But three species of Asiatic elms have shown their ability to withstand the hot, drought-y summers and the long, dry winters of the west. The best of the three, known to botanists as Ulmus pumila, reaches a height of 60 feet and a trunk diameter of a foot under average Kansas conditions.

Barber Memorialized.

No barber did as much to make women's heads beautiful as Antoine, the man who earned the title of "King of the World's Hairdressers," and who called his work "psychological coiffure."

A statue is to be placed on his tomb in Paris. It shows an impressive male figure resembling Antoine standing over a kneeling woman who has her neck turned toward him, as though for his critical approval of her shingle.

The Porcupine's Barb.

A porcupine quill is fitted with almost 1,000 tiny barbs that make it a most unpleasant weapon.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

How the Navy went to war and the tremendously important service it rendered is dramatically told in "CONVOY."

Also a 2-reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Four years at Princeton ! Four glorious years to make a man of a boy. "VARSITY," the story of a father's sacrifice for his son.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Carmel Myers has an important role in "FOUR WALLS," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production starring John Gilbert.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays

Replete with yarns and articles on all topics of outdoor life, the February issue of the national sporting magazine, ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS has just appeared. Among the many authoritative contributors in this month's issue are the well known names of Bonnycastle Dale, Robert James, William MacMillan, J. W. Winson, W. C. Motley, C. S. Landis, G. P. Sladen, and M. U. Bales, whose articles offer splendid pictures of hunting and fishing and life in the open. There is also a splendid article on wolf trapping by C. E. Gillham. The section devoted to the silver fox industry is full of up-to-date and informative material concerning the ranching of these valuable fur bearers. Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

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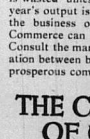

The Business of Agriculture

FARMING is more than an occupation ; it is a highly commercialized business which requires careful planning and thoughtful execution. Bountiful production is necessary but much effort is wasted unless the business of disposing of the year's output is properly managed. In conducting the business of the farm, The Canadian Bank of Commerce can play a prominent and useful part. Consult the manager and learn how true co-operation between banking and agriculture builds a more prosperous community.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
with which is amalgamated
THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

SELRITE STORES

In offering the public Genuine Values throughout the year 1928, it has made it our most successful year, and has afforded us the opportunity of giving

Bigger and More Sensational Values for 1929

Sale Starts Saturday, Jan. 19th Ending Jan. 26th.

Our Bill, which will be delivered to your home, will speak for itself. It will save you money. Watch for it.

WE SELL RIGHT.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The announcement made recently that the Dominion Government is now considering a government subsidy for the establishment of county health units, indicates that a significant and important step in the advancement of public health in Canada may shortly be taken. There seems no reason that the people living in the rural districts should not have the best of care. With the plan now being discussed the financial co-operation of the Dominion Government with the provinces and municipalities will make it possible to establish health areas organized on a county basis or on the basis of a combination of counties. Each such area will be served by a full-trained health officer with an adequate number of nurses, a sanitary inspector and a clerk. It is considered by all public health authorities in health matters that such a plan, established on a Dominion-wide scale would make a startling diminuation in the illness and death rates. The urban centres have had health officers, health centres and nurses for years. Let the rural people have as good a chance.

* * * * *

Speaking the other day to a Victorian Order Nurse we were told that while she was too busy to take on county work in the neighborhood of the town she would be glad to see young mothers and their babies at the well-baby clinic whether they lived in town or country. So many people have cars now that it would be an easy thing for the young married women to call on the nurses in the nearest town. They are all kind women and can give advice that may save trouble later. One day when we went up to give the mothers and the young wives a cup of tea, as some of us do now and then, we saw that many of the callers at the Welfare Station came in cars and some in taxis. You don't have to be hard up to call on the nurse

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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(Continued from page 3.)

arose, stepped quietly to the door and glanced out, returning apparently satisfied.

"I don't trust that steward," he said, "not as a matter of fact, anyone else wholly." He paused and stared at me, then added: "I've never had any faith in your race, Gates, but am inclined to use you. Every Englishman I ever knew was a liar and a sneaking poltroon. I was brought up to hate the race and always have. I can't say that I like you any better than the others. I don't, for the matter of that. But just now you can be useful to me if you are of that mind. This is a business proposition, and it makes no odds if we hate each other, so the end is gained. How does that sound?"

"Not altogether bad," I admitted. "I have been in some games of chance before."

"I thought as much," eagerly, "and money has the same chink however it be earned. You could use some?"

"If I had any to use; after a sailor has been drunk there is not apt to be much left in his pockets."

"The fact is," he began doubtfully, "what you just said to me on deck chanced to be of interest. You are a navigator?"

"I was in command of ships for four years, senor; naturally I know navigation."

"I will soon learn if you have lied, and that will be a sorry day for you. I'll tell you, Gates, how matters stand aboard, and why I have need of your skill. Then you may take your choice —the forecastle or the cabin?"

"You invite me aft, senor?"

"I give you a chance to move your damnage if you will do my work. Listen now. Sanchez has been badly hurt. It may be weeks before he leaves his cabin, if, indeed, he ever does. That leaves me in command with but one officer, the mulatto, Le Vere. This might answer to take us safely to Porto Grande, as we could stand watch and watch, but Francois is no sailor. It was his part on board to train and lead the fighting men—he cannot navigate. Saint Christopher! I fear to leave him alone in charge of the deck while I snatch an hour's sleep."

"I see," I admitted. "And yourself, senor? You are a seaman?"

"Enough to get along, but not quite sure as to my figures. I have taken no sights except as we came north on this trip. Tis for this reason I need you—but you play me no smart English trick, my man, or I'll have you by the heels at once. I know enough to verify your figures."

"I thought of no trick, Estada," I said coldly, now satisfied as to his purpose and confident of my own power. "You would have me as navigator, very well—at what terms?"

"With rating as first officer and your fair proportion of all spoils."

"You mean then to continue the course? To attack vessels on the high seas?"

"Why not?" sneeringly. "Are you too white-livered for that sort of job? If so, then you are no man for me. It is a long voyage to Porto Grande, and no reason why we should hurry home; the welcome there will be better if we bring chests of gold aboard. Ay, and the thought will put hope into the hearts of the crew; they are restless now from long waiting."

"But Captain Sanchez? You have no surgeon, I am told. Will he not suffer from neglect of his wound?"

"Suffer? No more than under a leech ashore. All that can be done has been. His was a clean knife thrust, which has been washed, treated with lotion and bound up. No leech could do more."

"And my quarters—will they be aft?"

"You will have your choice of those at port. Come now—have you an answer ready?"

"I would be a fool not to have," heartily. "I am your man, Estada."

CHAPTER XIV.

Warn Dorothy.

The Portuguese, evidently well pleased at my prompt acceptance of his proposal, talked on for some time, explaining to me something of the situation aboard the Namur, and pointing out what he believed to be our position on the chart. I asked a few questions, although I paid but little attention to what he said, my mind being busied with searching out his real purpose. No doubt the situation was very nearly as he described it to be—LeVere was no navigator, and Estada himself only an indifferent one. Yet at that the course to the West Indies was a long one, and if the Portuguese had been able to bring the bark from there to the Chesapeake, the return voyage should not terrify him. No, that was not the object; he was planning to keep at sea, to waylay and attack merchant ships, and then, after a successful cruise, arrive at Porto Grande laden with spoils and baffle me as a great leader. His plan was in defiance of Sanchez—even to permit the outlaws to die of his wounds; possibly even to hasten and assure that death by some secret resort to violence. No doubt LeVere was also concerned in the conspiracy and would profit by it, and possibly these two were likewise assured of the co-operation of the more reckless spirits among the crew. I remembered what Watkins had whispered to me forward—his suspicions of them both. He had been right; already the fuse was being laid, and, very fortunately, I happened to be chosen to help touch it off. The chance I had sought blindly was being plainly revealed.

It was evident enough, however, that Estada had no intention of trusting me immediately with his real motives. His confidence was limited, and his instructions related altogether to mere matters of ship routine. I could await developments. But I was becoming wearied by the man.

"I understand perfectly, senor," I broke in at last impatiently. "You will have to take for granted that I can enforce sea discipline and navigate your boat to whatever part of the ocean you desire to sail. All I need is your orders. This, I take it, is all you require of me?"

"Yes; I plan, you execute."

"Very good; now about myself," and I arose to my feet, determined to close the interview, "you say I may choose my quarters on the port side?"

"They are all unoccupied, except one, used by the steward as a storeroom."

I opened the door and stepped out into the main cabin, the roll of charts under my arm. Estada didn't wait for me to question him.

"Captain Sanchez' stateroom is aft," he said, with a wave of the hand. "There are two rooms. Jose is with him—a negro with a knack at nursing."

"Who else is quartered aft here?"

He ignored the one thing I most desired to learn, but I did not press it, believing I knew the answer already.

"LeVere has this middle stateroom, and Mendez the one beyond. Besides is third officer and carpenter. Just at present with LeVere required on deck he has charge of the men below. Not the working crew; they are quartered in the forecastle, largely Portuguese, English and Swede. But we have to carry extra men, who bunk amidships —hellhounds to fight—mongrels of course. They are allowed on deck amidships when we turn the hose, but are not encouraged to mingle with the sailors. We're over a powder magazine all the time, Gates—any spark might set it off."

I opened one of the doors opposite and glanced within. The interior differed but little from that of the stateroom occupied by Estada, except it was minus the table. No doubt they were all practically alike.

"This will do very well," I said quietly. "Now how about clothes? These I wear look rather rough for the new job."

"I'll send you the steward; he'll fix you out from the slop chest."

I was glad to see him go and closed the door on him with a sigh of relief. It had all occurred so quickly, almost without effort on my part, I could do little but wonder what strange occurrence would be next. What, indeed, was there for me to do except to await developments? The one thing occurred to me—I must discover some means immediately of communicating with Dorothy Fairfax.

The importance of this could not be overestimated. Myself quartered fore and aft and eating in the cabin we were bound to meet sooner or later, and the girl must previously be warned of my presence aboard, or in her first surprise at the recognition I should be instantly betrayed. If I was to serve the girl there must be, first of all, intelligent co-operation between us. She must not only know of my presence on the Namur but also the purpose actuating me. I had reached this conclusion when a light, hesitating knock sounded at the door.

Gunsaules entered, garments over his arm, and laid out the pieces carefully one by one, evidently proud of his selection.

"The clothes seem to be all right, steward," I said, "and I judge will fit. Now hand me up that suit and nothing to shave with, then some tobacco and a pipe, and—yes, wait a second—writing materials. And, by the way, there are two staterooms astern. Who occupies the one to starboard—Senor Estada?"

"No, senor; it is the young lady."

"Oh, the one brought aboard last night. Have you seen her?"

"Si, senor; she is English and good to look at, but she sit and stare out the stern port. She will not speak to me. I take in her breakfast, but she touch not a morsel. So I tell Senor Estada, and he say, 'then bring her out to dinner with me; I'll make the hussy eat if I have to choke it down her dainty throat.'"

"Good; I'll have a look at her myself then. Now hurry up those things, steward, and remember what I sent you after."

He brought the shaving set and writing materials first, explaining that he would have to go below into the lazaret and break open some packages for the tobacco and pipe. The moment the fellow disappeared I grasped the opportunity. I dashed off a note hurriedly—a brief line merely stating my presence on board and begging her not to exhibit surprise at meeting me. I had no time in which to explain or make clear the situation. With this folded and concealed in my hand I silently pushed open the door.

I crept swiftly forward, following the circle of the staterooms, until I came to the closed door of the one I sought aft. I bent here an instant, listening for some sound from within, but heard none. Beyond doubt the girl was within alone, and I must trust her quick intelligence to respond to my written message. I thrust it through the narrow opening above the sill, and the moment it disappeared within stole swiftly back to my own room. The action had not been seen, and yet I had scarcely a moment to spare. Before I could lather my face the steward returned, bearing in his hands tobacco and pipe.

Estada, however, remained away longer than I had anticipated he would, and I was fully dressed and comfortably smoking before he came down from the deck and crossed the cabin to my partially open door.

"The starboard watch has been called," he said, "and you are to take charge of the deck, relieving LeVere. I waited to explain the situation to the men before you appeared. I suppose you are ready?"

"Ay, ay, senor," knocking the ashes out of my pipe and rising. He eyed my clothes disapprovingly.

"Rather a fancy rig, Gates, for a first officer on duty."

"Some style, I admit, senor, but they were all the steward offered me."

"You'll have to carry a hard fist, my man, to back up that costume aboard the Namur," he said coldly. "Those black devils are apt to mistake you for a plaything." I followed him up the stairs to the deck. LeVere was still on duty, and came forward and shook hands at my appearance.

"Rather glad I didn't drown you," he said, intending to be pleasant. "But hope you'll not run amuck in the after cabin."

"I shall try not to unless I have cause," I answered, looking him square in the eyes and determining

I Followed Him to the Deck.

to make my position clear at once. "Senor Estada tells me I am to relieve you. What is the course?"

"Sou'west by half sou'."

"Do you know your position?"

"Only in a general way. We have held an east by south course since leaving the capes, until an hour ago, making about ten knots."

"Very well; I will figure it out as best I can. There is nothing further to report?"

"No, senor; all has been as it is now."

He glanced toward Estada, not greatly pleased, I presume, with my brusqueness, yet finding nothing in either words or manner from which to evoke a quarrel. The latter had overheard our conversation, but he stood now with back toward us looking out on the sea off the port quarter. His silent indifference caused LeVere to shrug his shoulders and disappear down the ladder on his way below. I turned my face to the man at the wheel—it was the giant negro, Cochose.

CHAPTER XV.

The Cabin of the Namur.

Both huge, black hands grasped the spokes, and it was evident that it required all his giant strength to control the bucking wheel. He was an ugly-looking brute, the lower portion of his face apelike and the wool growing so low as to leave him scarcely an inch of forehead. His eyes lifted an instant from the binnacle card to glance at me curiously. They exhibited no flash of recognition.

For half an hour Estada hung about aft, apparently paying no attention to me, and yet watching my movements closely. There was little to be done, but I thought it best to keep the watch reasonably busy, so they might thus learn that I knew my work. They proved prompt and capable enough, although I was eyed with some curiosity when I first went forward, and, no doubt, was very thoroughly discussed behind my back. The idlers amidships were a totally different class—a mongrel scum, profanely chanting in Spanish or swaggering about the deck, their very looks a challenge. However, they kept out of my way, and I found no occasion to interfere with their diversions. After Estada left the deck the majority amused themselves gambling, and as I had received no orders to interfere I permitted the games to proceed. Mendez interfered only once on occasion of a brief fight. My only instructions from the Portuguese on his going below was to call him at once if a sail was sighted. Apparently he was satisfied of my ability to command the deck.

No occasion to call him arose during my watch. It was still daylight, but with a purple gleam across the waters, when LeVere arrived on deck for my relief. We were talking together about the wheel when Estada appeared in the companionway.

"Every promise of a clean night," he said, glancing about at the horizon. "Better change the course two points, LeVere; we are lying in too close to the coast for our purpose. The table call will come very shortly, Senor Gates."

I washed up hastily in my stateroom and came out into the cabin perplexed as to what might occur within the next few moments. Yet whatever the result there was no avoiding it. My every move was one of extreme caution.

Estada and Esteven awaited me. The latter was all rigged out, and with smooth black hair oiled and plastered down upon his forehead. I never beheld a more disagreeable face, or one which so thoroughly revealed the nature of a man. As I touched his hand, at Estada's brief introduction, it was as if I fingered a snake.

"This is your chair, Gates, and you will find very little aboard the Namur—wine, women and song—hey, Manuel! Why not when all are at command? Steward, you told the lady what my orders were. Then bid her join us."

We stood in silence, as Gunsaules crossed the deck and inserted a key in the after stateroom door. Manuel was grinning in full enjoyment, out of the expression on the face of Estada was that of grim cruelty. I felt my hands grip like iron on my chair back and my teeth clinch in restraint. God, but I would have liked to grip the fellow where he stood—all the bottled up hatred in my soul struggling for action. Yet that would only mean the death of all hope, and I turned my eyes away from him and stared with the others at the opening door.

Out into the full light of the cabin the woman came and halted barely a step in advance of the steward, her head uplifted proudly, her eyes on us. Never before had I realized her beauty, her personality, as I did then. Her posture was not that of defiance nor of surrender; she stood as a woman defending her right to respect, sustained by a wonderful courage. I caught her glance, but there was no recognition in it; not by the flicker of an eyelid did she betray surprise, and yet in some mysterious manner a flash of intelligence passed between us. It was all instantaneous, for her gaze seemed to concentrate on Estada as though she knew him as leader.

"You sent for me? For what?" she said, her Spanish clear and well chosen.

"To join us at meal," he answered unmoved. "It is better than to remain alone."

"Better! You must have a strange opinion of me to believe I would sit with murderers and thieves."

"Harsh words, senorita," and Estada grinned grimly. "Yet I expected them. There are many trades in the world by which men are robbed. We only work at the one we like best; nor will I discuss that with you. However, senorita, I can say that we have taken no lives in this last affair."

"No lives!" in sudden, incredulous surprise. "Then pray, my uncle lives?"

"If you refer to Fairfax—the one in whose room the chest was hidden, I can only reply truthfully that he lives. One of my men struck him down, but it was not a death blow. If that be the reason of your disdain there is no cause. This chair is held for you."

"But why was I brought away a prisoner? To be a plaything? A sport for your pleasure?"

"That was but the orders of our chief; we await his recovery to learn his purpose."

"Sanchez! Was he your chief? A pirate?"

"A buccaneer; we prey on the enemies of Spain. It was at Captain Sanchez' orders we waited the arrival of your vessel from England. He loved you; he would no doubt have dealt with you honorably; I have reason to believe that to be his purpose now. Nothing will change his purpose. He is that kind, and he has the power. He determined that if you would not come to him by choice you should be made to by force. You are here now by his orders and will remain until you consent to his purpose—all that remains for you to decide is whether you choose to be prisoner or guest aboard."

"And if he should die?"

Estada shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Who knows?"

Her lips tightened as though to hold back a cry while one hand pressed to the open door steadied her. There was a look in the searching eyes I did not like to see. It was a moment before she could control her voice.

"I have heard them call you Estada. Of what rank in this company are you?"

"I am Pedro Estada, formerly the first officer, now, by occasion of Captain Sanchez' wound, in full command. These are two of my officers—Senor Gates, one of your own countrymen,

"Peace or War?"

and Manuel Estevan. And now that I have answered your questions, what is it to be between us—peace or war?"

Her eyes dropped, and I could distinctly note the trembling of her slender figure. When she slowly raised her glance once more it rested on my face as though seeking approval, guidance.

"If there be only the one choice," she said quietly. "I accept peace. I cannot live locked in that room alone haunted by my thoughts and memories. If I pledge you my word, senor, am I to enjoy the freedom of this cabin and the deck?"

Estada looked at us, a shade of doubt in his eyes. I made no sign, but Manuel nodded.

"Why not?" he asked in his harsh croak of a voice. "So long as we be at sea? What harm can the girl do?"

"Perhaps none; I will take a half chance, at least. You shall have the freedom of the cabin. So long as you keep your word, while as to the deck, we will consider that later. Prove you mean what you say by joining us here."

My recollection of that meal is not of words but of faces. Estada's eyes sought constantly the girl's face, and to my consternation, exhibited an interest in her personality which promised trouble. I knew not whether she noticed this awakening admiration, but she certainly played her part with quiet modesty. I believe that even the Portuguese reached the conclusion that she was not altogether regretful for his adventure and that it was safe for him to relax some degree of vigilance. His manner became more gracious, and long before the meal ended his language had a tendency to compliment and flatter. I contented myself with occasional sentences. The young woman sat directly across from me, our words overheard by all, and as I knew both men possessed some slight knowledge of English I dare not venture beyond commonplace conversation in that tongue. With quick wit she took her cue from me, so that nothing passed between us, either by word of mouth or glance or eye, to arouse suspicion.

Believing the feeling of confidence would be increased by such action, I was first to leave the table, and it being my watch below immediately returned to my room, closing the door after me, yet refraining from letting the latch catch, thus enjoying a slight opening through which to both see and hear. Manuel did not linger long, making a remark to go forward, but Estada remained for some time, endeavoring to entertain. His egotism made a fool of the man, yet even he finally became discouraged of making the conversation have meaning, and lapsed into a silence which gave her an excuse to retire. This was accomplished so graciously as to leave no sting, the fellow actually accompanying her to the door of her stateroom, bowing his compliments as she disappeared within. The fool actually believed he had made a conquest, and preened himself like a turkey cock.

"Gunsaules, you need not lock the senorita in her room or guard her in any way hereafter. She is permitted to come and go on the pleasure aboard."

Estada entered his own stateroom, leaving the door ajar. When he came out he had exchanged his coat for a rough jacket. Thus attired for a turn on deck he disappeared through the companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

In Dorothy's Stateroom.

I stood cronched, with eye at the crack watchful of every movement in the lighted cabin, my own decision made. I must see and talk with Dorothy. Gunsaules turned down the light and departed along the passage leading amidships. A moment later I heard the sound of dishes grinding together preparatory to being washed. No better opportunity for action was likely to occur, although the situation was not without peril. I crept along close to the side walls, lifted the latch noiselessly, and slipped quickly within. There was no light, except a glimmer of stars through a large after port, but against this faint radiance she stood vaguely revealed. Her first thought must have been Estada, for there was a startled note in her challenge.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?"

"Speak low," I cautioned. "You must know my voice."

"Geoffry Carlyle?"

"Tus, but do not use that name—all hope depends on my remaining unknown. You welcome me?"

She came straight forward through the dim star shine, a spectral figure, with both hands outstretched.

"Welcome!" her tone that of intense sincerity. "Your presence gives me all the strength I have. But for you I should throw myself through that port into the sea. But I know not how you came here—tell me, you are not one of these wretches?"

"No; you cannot believe that first of all, and trust me."

"I do—but—but tell me all you can."

"Is there a divan here, or anywhere we can sit down together? I can see nothing in this darkness."

"Yes; hold my hand while I guide you; we can sit here."

It was a couch of some kind against the outer wall. She did not release her grasp, nearly gasping counsel from this physical contact, and my fingers closed warmly over her own."

"Now, please," breathlessly, "how is it possible you are aboard this vessel—an officer?"

I told her the strange story, as swiftly and simply as possible, speaking scarcely above a whisper, feeling as I progressed that I related a dream rather than a series of facts. It seemed to me she could scarcely be expected to believe the truth of what I said, and yet she did, almost unquestioningly, the clasp of her fingers perceptibly tightening as I proceeded. She sat so close beside me that I could feel her breath upon my cheek.

"Why, if—if you had not told me this yourself I could hardly believe such a tale," she exclaimed. "Yet it must be true, miraculous as it seems. But what is to be the ending? Have you any plan of escape?"

"Hardly a plan. I have had no opportunity even to learn the true nature of the crew. Watkins is an honest sailor, and he has told me of others on whom I could rely. There are those aboard—but I do not know how many—who would mutiny if they had a leader and a reasonable chance of success. I must reach these and learn who they are. Fortunately the voyage promises to be long enough to enable me to plan carefully."

"You have discussed the voyage with this man—Estada?"

"He told me what he had decided upon; not to return to their rendezvous until after they had captured some prizes and could go with gold chinking in their pockets."

"Where is their rendezvous?"

"An island in the West Indies, probably not on the chart. They call it Porto Grande."

"And they will sweep the ocean between here and there seeking victims? Unarmed merchantmen to rob and sink? And you—you will be compelled to take part in such scenes, such acts of pillage and perhaps murder?"

"I presume I must seem to be one of them to avoid suspicion. Have you any suggestions?"

"There is conspiracy on board already," she said quickly, "that you may not know about."

"You mean to depose Sanchez?"

"Yes; you had suspicioned it? They thought me unconscious in the boat, and talked among themselves—the two on deck Estada and that beast Manuel. I did not understand all they said, but I do not think they intend the captain shall recover."

"You think it best that he should?"

"Oh, I don't know; there is no best that I can see. Yet I would have more faith in being spared disgrace if at the mercy of Sanchez, than his lieutenant. Both may be equally guilty, equally despised, but they are not the same men. I may be wrong, for I judge as a woman, yet I would feel safer with Sanchez. The other merely desires with the passion of a brute. No appeal would reach him; he would laugh at tears and find pleasure in suffering. And yet you would have no appear friendly with Estada?"

"We cannot permit him to feel that either of us are enemies. He is the power aboard; our lives, everything are in his hands. If he means to be rid of Sanchez the man is doomed, for he will have to be put to death in order to carry out his purpose; murder means nothing to these men."

"Of course you are right," she acknowledged. "Our case is so desperate we must resort to any weapons. You believe it will serve the possibility of escape if I permit this monster to imagine that I have some interest in him?"

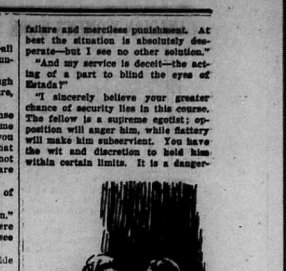
"To do so might delay the explosion," I replied gravely, "and just now any delay is welcome. I doubt if even Estada will resort to force on board. Indeed force will be the very last card he will care to play in your case. You are English and all the practical seamen on board are from northern Europe—English and Scandinavian. These men are not pirates from choice —they are prisoners who have taken to save their own lives. With bullies and cutthroats amidships he can compel them to work, but he dare not go too far. Once these fellows unite in mutiny they could take the ship. An assault on you would be dangerous."

"It is these men you count on?"

"Yes; but for me to gain their confidence and leadership will require time. The slightest slip would mean failure and merciless punishment. At best the situation is absolutely desperate—but I see no other solution."

"And my service is deceit—the acting of a part to blind the eyes of Estada?"

"I sincerely believe your greater chance of security lies in this course. The fellow is a supreme egotist; opposition will anger him, while flattery will make him subservient. You have the wit and discretion to hold him within certain limits. It is a danger-



She Lifted Her Eyes.

ous game, I admit, and a disagreeable one, but the case requires desperate regedies."

(To be Continued.)

A Useful Hyphen.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks was originally plain Mr. Hicks. He adopted his wife's name of Joynson at the request of his well-to-do father-in-law. Once he was addressing a meeting on national economy.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, in the course of his remarks, "we come to the question of unearned increment. Well, what is unearned increment?"

The typhen that joins Joynson and Hicks," a gruff voice replied.

Chickens Don't Like Oats.

Scientific tests conducted at the School of Agriculture at Cambridge, England, have shown that fowls digest oats much less completely than they do wheat. The chief difficulty seems to be with the hulls, which horses apparently delight to chew but which are apparently quite on much unnecessary impediment to digestion in the gizzard of a chicken

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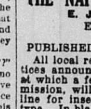

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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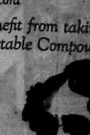

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Good old Castoria! Children cry for it. Mothers swear by it. Not a household where there is an infant should ever be without it. A few drops of Castoria quiet Baby in a perfectly innocent manner. It is natural slumber that follows. Castoria is a purely vegetable product. No opiates. No narcotics. Of any kind.

Now you know why trained nurses give Castoria as often as an infant is willing, or even heedless. And why doctors tell mothers it is the first and only home remedy when Baby has constipation, colic, diarrhea, or other upset. It is made for babies, and safe to give babies, and other things are not.

Fletcher's Castoria is "old-fashioned" if you count its fifty years, but it's an old-fashioned mother, nowadays, worries along without it. Twenty-five million bottles bought last year! Think of the number of mothers who rely on Castoria! All these mothers can't be wrong! To keep a bottle in the house is a precaution you owe your little one.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

"LITRY" HUMOR.

Children of Celebrated Men Criticize Their Writings.

The youngest daughter of R. H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner (in "An Echo from Parnassus") recalls that as a child Longfellow's house a Cambridge, Mass., was "almost a second home to me." The two families were neighbors and intimate friends, and the children of both studied and played together.

The Longfellow "kiddies," it seems, sometimes made jokes about poetry in which their father indited and abetted them.

A favorite breakfast dish of the family was buttercakes baked in cups which puffed out ttf the baking till they were mostly crust and little inside." Mrs. Skinner says. "These were known as 'popovers,' for the Longfellow children called them 'poetry cakes,' because they explained with great gusto, 'there's nothing in them!' and this joke their father relished hugely."

Which recalls a story Ian Maclaren —author of the phenomenally best seller of years ago, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"—used to tell.

"My schoolboy son," said Maclaren, who was really Rev. John Watson, a Scottish minister—"had vainly been trying to read some of my books, and in a confidential moment said to me: 'Father, why don't you write a proper sort of book—one of those Sherlock Holmes stories, like Conan Doyle, or something of that sort, and not so much Scots' recipe?'

Did you ever hear the story of what happened to an author when he read a poem to his son? "The Tale of Two Cities?" I was a Saturday evening and he became so absorbed in the story that he refused to go to bed until he had finished it.

In the small hours of Sunday he closed the book. The guillotining of Sydney Carton sent him to bed thoroughly worked up in mind. A few hours later his wife took him to church. During a long prayer he dozed off and remained there until the time was about to fall on his neck. When the prayer ended and he remained on his knees, his wife tapped him ever so lightly with her fan on the back of the neck. Whereupon he crumpled to the floor—dead!

That was the yarn he once told the "little" party one evening by a favorite humorist. Needless to say it did not raise a smile until a bright young damsel said:

"That's all very well. But how is it ascertained that he dreamt the boy was about to be guillotined?"

NATIVE WINES.

In 1927 Canada Produced Nearly Three Million Gallons.

Canada produced 2,804,437 gallons of wine in 1927, of which 2,731,745 was consumed, a report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows. The total selling value was $2,531,227, of which $2,336,114 went to Ontario concerns and $195,113 to Quebec. Manitoba and British Columbia. The total quantity of wine exported increased 2,632 gallons and the value $46,091 as compared with the year before.

There was imported into this country in 1927 $1,473,906 worth of non-sparkling wines and $1,562,684 of sparkling wines, or a total of $3,036,594. Most of the wine came from France, Spain and Portugal in the order named.

The quantity of fermented wines exported from the Dominion during 1927 was 32,732 gallons as compared with an export of 32,724 gallons in 1926, while their value decreased from $115,564 in 1926 to $112,312 in 1927. The United States is Canada's best customer, taking over 95 per cent. of the total value of wines exported.

Poor Poets.

The British poet laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, is possessed of a somewhat caustic wit.

When, a short while back, he paid a visit to the United States, he travelled by the American liner Leviathan, which adver ised his passage as "college cabin." The advertisement read:

"Our new third class, college cabin, arranged exclusively for minis ers, students, and professionals."

Commenting on this the laureate said: "College cabins are all that our poet-war ministers, students and professional men can hope for any more. You no ice that the poet are left out.

"Poets are not even up to college cabin standard."

"The reason, I suppose," continued Dr. Bridges, smiling wlimsically, "is that poets are born, not paid."

COTTON FOR ROADS.

Minimizes Erosion and Enables Features to Mend Automatically.

Cotton for roads is proving successful. The practicability of embedding a coarse cotton fabric in the soil of roadways where after being treated with an oil, it acts as a binder and a waterproof blanket is minimizing erosion and fractures of the road surface, has been demonstrated in Sou h Carolina at the result of experimental work by the research division of the Cotton Textile Institute Inc., whose experiments were begun in 1926.

"The expansion of domestic and foreign markets for cotton and cotton products through the development of new uses and the extension of existing uses," says Ernest C. Morss, who is in charge of the work, is a stated purpose of the Cotton Textile Institute Inc., formed in 1926.

In the experimental work of the use of cotton the Newberry road two stretches have been laid in South Carolina in which cotton has been utilized with the bituminous surface treatment of earth-type roads, the first being a stretch of 1,500 feet in Newberry County, laid November, 1926, when the cotton reinforcement was employed over the entire width of the road.

The Newberry road proving highly successful, a second experiment was determined upon and a mile stretch of road was laid in Spartanburg County in 1928. It was considered from the first experiment in that the fabric reinforcement was laid only along the shoulders or edges of the road, not covering the centre of crown, the first experiment having proved that the hardes wear is on the shoulders of the roads, where steel-tired traffic causing fractures or breaks along the shoulders that do not come in the centre of the road.

A waterproof blanket sprayed over the top of a thoroughly prepared earth foundation is what this road treatment mainly consists of, and the thorough preparation of the earth foundation.

Should fractures or cracks appear in the surface of the road, it has been found that rays of the sun will sufficiently soften the asphaltic oil and cause it to rebind, so that it has been laid for several months.

A division engineer of the State Highway Commission as an experiment raised the cotton fabric from the edge of the road, which caused fractures and breaks to occur in the wearing surface and found that when he dropped the fabric back in place and pressed it down with his foot, all cracks and fractures closed up.

The completed stretch of road have demonstrated the suitability of this type of construction for rural roads. The cost of this type of construction used for this experiment in South Carolina varies from $3,000 to $3,600 a mile.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Ancient Monument Said to Be Nearly 3,500 Years Old.

Not many of the thousands of people who have seen Cleopatra's Needle could say precisely what it is, or how it came to be in its present position on the Thames Embankment, London. The Needle is the most ancient monument that London possesses, being nearly 3,500 years old. It is one solid block of stone, covered with hieroglyphics, weighs 180 tons, and stands 70 feet high.

For 1,500 years it stood in front of the Egyptian temple at Heliopolis, but in 23 B.C., the monument was removed to Alexandria by order of Caesar Augustus, to adorn the new palace of the Caesars. The fact that Cleopatra helped to plan the palace gave the Needle its name.

For fifteen centuries it "graced" the Alexandria—long after the great palace had fallen into ruins. About 200 years ago it fell to the ground as a result of the encroaching sea.

After being offered by the Egyptian Government to George IV. and William IV., who both refused it, the Needle was accepted by Great Britain. Prof. Erasmus Wilson offering £10,000 to meet the expenses of transportation.

The Needle was transformed into a ship, being encased in stout timbers, and the floating monument was fitted out as a sea-going craft and towed to the Clepatra.

The Cleopatra was taken in tow by the Olga, but the journey to England was fraught with many disasters, and it was not until the January of 1878 that the Needle safely arrived in London. In September of that year it was lowered with great ceremony into its present resting-place.

The Poor Dog.

Gramophone needles and other painful things are often found in dogs' paws, according to a notice issued by the British Canine Defence League. A dog had been limping for some weeks without any visible cause. A searching examination revealed the presence in his paw of a wild oat completely hidden under the skin. On removal the oat was found to have germinated in the dog's paw, showing a distinctly healthy green shoot.

TO MAKE ARISTOCRATS.

Lady Advocates Plan to Pick Children for Social Eminence.

A forcing house for aristocracy where perfect aristocrats could be produced was the suggestion put forward by Lady Emily Lutyens in a lecture in the Philosophical Society at the Swedish Hall, Harcourt street, west, London.

Lady Emily, who is the wife of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect, said aristocracy was declining all over the world. It was being killed by mediocrity.

A forcing house of aristocracy was both possible and desirable. It would be necessary to study heredity and genealogy, and prevent the production of the unfit.

The teacher must be of the perfect aristocrat so that he could instil into the right ideas into his pupils, Lady Emily added:

I have seen many democratic schools for democrats. I have not seen a school for aristocrats. In such a school I would have children picked because of their birth, and I should educate them to be more aristocratic than they are by birth.

I should train them to be the flower of mankind, perfect human beings, and I should make them realize that training towards perfection implies and involves a tremendous corresponding responsibility. It would in no sense be a school of luxury, but a school of simplicity.

Always I should uphold within them that by right of birth they must rise to the level of their best.

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THE WEATHERMAN

Odd Questions Asked Which Sometimes the Meteorological Bureau Cannot Answer.

What kind of questions does the public ask the Weatherman?

There is almost no end to their variety, we are old by a writer in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. There are, however, certain questions that are asked over and over again. Some of these relate to the dates and other particulars of memorable storms, cold winters, floods and other outstanding sea her events.

At least three or four times a year somebody asks for informa ion about the "Big Wind in Ireland," it is stated. This name is applied to a violent storm that swept over the British Isles in January, 1839, causing great destruction by land and sea. Strange to say, though it is known in other countries it is almost entirely forgotten in the Old Country. It is frequently heard of in America. It was a recent event at the time little anticipation of this country was by night tide, following he terrible famine of 1845-46, and the memory of it has been preserved among the descendants of the Irish who came over at that period.

The public is always much interested in record-breaking storms of weather. There are many questions as to the highest and lowes temperatures ever registered the places having the greatest and least rainfall, the strongest winds ever observed, and so on. Statistics on such subjects necessarily vary somewhat from year to year. Several places, for instance, have successively held the blue ribbon for hot weather. For many years this distinction was enjoyed by Wargla, a town in the Algerian Sahara. Then, in 1913, Death Valley, Cal., established a new world record, with a reading of 134 degrees. This held good until 1922, when it was surpassed by two degrees at the village of Azizia, in the Italian Sahara. The low temperature record has been hid since 1892 by Verkhoyansk, Siberia, close to the Arctic Circle, with an official reading of 90 degrees below zero.

The rainiest known place in the United States is Glenora, Tillamook County, Oregon, where the rainfall averages 151½ inches a year, and the driest is Death Valley, where it averages a little over one and one-half inches a year. Whether the heaviest snowfall occurs in the high Sierra of California or on the upper slopes of Mount Rainier, Wash., is an unsettled question.

Chicago's nickname, "the Windy City," raises the question whether the city is actually windier than others. The answer is that the wind measurements in Chicago show a higher average than in any other large city of the United States (only slightly higher than in New York), but are surpassed at many smaller towns on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The strongest wind ever measured on this continent was nominally 186 miles an hour, registered on the summit of Mt. Washington, N.H., Jan. 11, 1878, but certain necessary corrections reduce this figure to about 140 miles an hour. Far stronger winds occur in tornadoes, but they have never been measured.

"How large are the biggest hailstones?" is a perennial question. Huge masses of ice have sometimes been found after hailstorms, but they were doubtless the result of several hailstones freezing together while lying in a heap on the ground. The greatest possible size of a single hailstone cannot be stated with any certainty. In August, 1925, a hailstone weighing four and one-half pounds fell through the roof of a house at Heidgraben, Schleswig-Holstein. This stone was nearly ten inches long. There have besh several bigger hailstones, but they were not so well authenticated.

"Why," the Weatherman is asked, "is a hailstone built up like an onion, of successive layers?" Hail is formed in the violent updraught of air at the front of a thunderstorm. In this turbulent region the hailstone, first frosen at a high level, makes several journeys alternately up and down as it encounters stronger or weaker rising currents; at one time gathering a coating of snow aloft, and at another a coating of ice from rain below, until finally, on account of its large size or on account of a weakening of the upward blast, it falls to the ground.

Two rare phenomena that the Weatherman cannot explain to his own satisfaction, much lees to that of the layman, are ball lightning and will-o'-the-wisp.

St. Elmo's fire—a harmless brush discharge of electricity from pointed objects—is something that most people have read of but few have seen. It is commonest on high mountains; less common at sea.

New Terror for Smugglers.

As a means of combatting the ingenuity of diamond smugglers, the authorities of the Port of New York are X-raying wealthy society women who are known to have bought a lot of diamonds in Paris. If she fails to declare them when the ship arrives, she will be asked to step inside a specially-constructed booth in the Customs shed.

As the woman stands there, the expert in charge will be able to see at once if any solid objects are concealed. Should she have hidden a diamond just before leaving the ship, it will be seen, as also will any jewellery hidden in the heels of her shoes or in her clothes.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Another Successful Man Who Changed His Title.

"From printer's devil to Postmaster-General" sounds like the title of an Alger classic, yet it might be used with truth to head the life story of Hon. Peter Venlot, Postmaster-General in the King Cabinet. This ambitious Acadian rose from the inky service of the printing press to the command of Canadian mails through the successive stages of port officer, political organiser and premier of New Brunswick.

He got his start in life as a printer's devil in the pressroom of the Pictou Colonial Standard. And here is an interesting angle to the Postmaster-General's story which is little known, that boy who rushed father and son about the Pictou pressroom at the word of Rom Mc-Carvell, his "boss," was not Peter Veniot. He was Pierre Jean Vigneau.

History does not relate why the aspiring young printer favored Peter over Pierre or replaced the Vigneau of his forefathers with Veniot. Perhaps Pictou was ahead of the times and even at that date boasted one of those autocratic wizards, to-day so busy in reaping golden harvests in all the larger cities, who will, for a cash consideration and after austere communion with the stars and planets, evolve for one a brand new name guaranteed to carry with it the assurance of fame and fortune. It is understood that the Postmaster-General denies this theory, but the success which has attended him in his political career would seem to lend it color.

IRISH GOLD ORNAMENTS

GOLD WAS FOUND IN IRELAND IN 1500 B.C.

Lady Visitor Much Impressed by the Collection to Be Seen In the National Museum, Dublin — St. Patrick's Bell.

The first time I visited the National Museum of Science and Art at Dublin, writes Grace Y. Kelly in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, I was so much impressed by the collection of ancient Irish gold ornaments that I concentrated my attention on them, to the exclusion of everything else.

These ornaments, made and worn in the bronze age, were hidden in bogs, caves and earths up until some accident or another brought them to light again.

The gold was found in Wicklow and the first known use of it was made in 1500 B.C., when the gold collars known as lunulae were worn by the kings and the great warriors.

The lunulae are half moons of gold, beaten very thin, and they must have been very lovely things around kingly necks. They are the lovely things now, displayed in cases in the gold room at the museum. For this collection is so impressive and it so far outranks any other gold collection in western Europe that it has a room to itself. In fact, it ranks all the prehistoric gold collections in western Europe put together.

I've been told that these amount to 30 pounds all, while the Irish collection has 300 of gold. Thirty-nine lunulae have remained to the Irish, while a few have gone to the British and other museums.

After the lunulae came the gorgets, crescent shaped, and collars elaborately tooled and decorated. Five of these gorgets are in the museum collection, and others are in private collections.

These ornaments seem to have been peculiar to Ireland, for their like has been found in no other place. The objects were found singly or in great finds, such as Great Clare Find in 1854. This find contained the largest number of gold ornaments of the Bronze Age discovered in Ireland or in all western Europe and is very remarkable and important.

Three laborers were digging for a railway at Ballykilty, County Clare, accidently turned up the treasure with their spades and sold it immediately for whatever they could get. So it became scattered through private collections, and thirteen rings from it are in the British Museum. But Ireland was lucky after all, for thirteen of the most important pieces found their way to the National Museum.

Gorgets and bracelets are in the collection at the museum, and suspended fibulae of various sizes and great ingots of pure gold.

Another kind of ornament, featured largely in the collection was the torque. This was a twisted ribbon of gold which was worn about the neck. This ornament is known to have been worn in many countries but the style was set in Ireland, as in the case of the lunulae. Numbers of torques have been found in the finds, and again the National Museum was lucky in getting an adequate share of them.

Armlets, rings, earrings, discs and huge gold bails are other objects in the collection. Not one or two of them, but numerous examples. The museum they'll always tell you about the Great finds. The Broighter find, the Tara brooch, and all of these objects were the gave up its hidden gold.

All of these occurred in the B.C. period and is very wonderful, but when the attendant really wants to impress you, he'll show you several objects, and tell you that these are the most important in the collection.

One of these is the famous tara brooch which was made about 700 A.D., and was found in 1850 on the strand near Drogheda, County Meath.

Many other treasures are in the collection, but the royal tara brooch is the king of them all. So sound is it in its designing and so free! And so exquisite is the workmanship. The workmanship. The mystery of its story is around it, there in the case at the museum! What did it serve in his cloak? And did he die in the sea, so many centuries ago

I dragged myself away from it to do justice to the Celtic art of the crosses and brooches. The chalice dates from the ninth century, and was found in 1866 by a man digging potatoes in the path of Reeran's Country Limerick.

It is composed chiefly of gold but has silver and bronze in it and is engraved with figures of interlaces and settings of enamel and amber. Chalices of this early period, throughout Europe, can be counted on the hand, and the Ardagh chalice is the only Celtic one in existence.

That it is in a perfect state of preservation is wonderful when we think that guardian angels watched over it through the centuries, and guided the spade of the potato digger, when the time came for its reappearance on earth.

St. Patrick's bell and its shrine together are a group of the greatest importance in the collections. The bell is a primitive thing of iron dipped in bronze. It was taken from the grave of St. Patrick in Dowpatrick and placed at Armah, where it was known as "The Bell of the Will."

And the shrine, necessary that this simple object had a shrne made for it, worthy of the reverence in which it was held. The Archbishop of Armah ordered the making of the proclamation that the bell was worthy of all respect—secular as well as religious. And this respect it has had through all the centuries that followed.

The interlacings are veritable prayers and the rock crystal settings are songs of praise!

There are in New Zealand 27,000,000 sheep, the highest total in the history of the Dominion.

Modernization Aids Sanity.

There are now fewer insane patients in Alaska than at any time since the Klondyke gold rush. Insanity generally was described as caused by the long winters and isolation from human society. Miners, trappers and reindeer herders were its victims.

Radios and airplanes have reduced this malady, physicians declare. Practically all the distant camps have radios to tell of events around the world and diffuse entertainment. Almost daily airplanes may be seen in every section of the territory, bringing letters, newspapers and supplies to the most isolated settlements.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

Col. Battell's Good Deed In World of Commercialism.

Not many lovers of nature and admirers of picturesque scenery take the practical steps to preserve natural beauty that Col. Joseph Battell, of Biddlesburg, Vt., did, according to an item in the Dallas (Texas) News His enormous purchase of wild acreage of little conceivable use caused comment in his lifetime. But on his death it was found that he had been actuated solely by a love for nature and fear that civilization was preparing to vulgarize the picturesque. His will bequeathed 30,000 acres in the Green Mountains in trust to the president and fellows of Middlebury College for use as a natural public park.

Because of the forethought and the business acumen of Col. Battell, Vermont finds itself in possession of a stretch of natural scenery. Only recently the Supreme Court of the State has upheld the validity, of the purpose to which the colonel dedicated the land over the objection of a private company seeking to condemn it for other purposes. If the colonel had lived later than he did or had not held in his heart a love of the primitive and picturesque gorge of the Middlesbury river would be dedicated to the god of hydro-electric power, and New England would be robbed of a park typical of its rugged scenery.

Every section of the country cannot be fortunate enough to have a Col. Battell combining the financial means with the sentiment to create such parks as this interest has saved for Vermont. No place would want to preserve from a commercial invasion more than a few localities that can be identified in their individuality in the life of the commonwealth. The timeliness of the Battell bequest suggests to us all that the time is ripe to act for the preservation of scenic spots is in advance of the demand of commercial development.

LONDON'S DOG STATUES.

There Are Only a Few of Man's Favorite Pet.

London has quite a lot of stone and bronze lions scattered about her streets and open spaces, and a fair number of elephants and very few dogs.

How many greyhound-racing enthusiasts could say where a statue of a greyhound is to be seen? asks an Old Country paper.

On the eastern side of the frieze of famous men that surrounds the base of the Albert Memorial is a figure of Paul Veronese. He is looking down at a fine greyhound, and has his hand on its head. A little to the left is another artist, and another dog. It is a queer, nondescript sort of animal, but it represents "Trump," a favorite dog of Hogarth's. Each of these dogs appears in one or more of their masters' pictures.

By the side of Byron, sitting day-dreaming in his quiet nook near Hyde Park Corner, is his faithful collie, gazing up at his master.

Away down in the Lords Park road is another dog seated by the side of his master — Richard Green, of whom little fame. He is less absorbed in thought, and is caressing the dog. These four "statues" are memorials of animals that really lived. There are no figures, representative of dogs in general.

In King's road, Chelsea, near Church street, perched on high pedestals, are four that seem to be greyhounds. In Conduit street are a couple of sporting dogs of some old-fashioned breed. And at the entrance to a private house in West Kensington sit two canine guards, who look quite as formidable as the more usual lions.

In the low wall enclosing "The Fountains," at the head of the Serpentine, are four panels carved in high relief, and in one of them is a retriever, with a bird at his feet.

Although it is hardly acquainted the famous sign of the "Pig and Po," may be mentioned here. It projects from an ironmonger's shop in Blackfriars, and shows a terrier having a good "lick-out" from a three-legged pot.

Probably the smallest representation of a dog anywhere in London is that carved in wood upon a tiny frieze over the windows of the "George" Inn, near Temple Bar —where a couple of monks are seen busy in a cellar, one with a ca., the other a dog, by his side!

VAST WHALING PROSPECT.

Industry In Southern Seas Almost Limitless In Its Possibilities.

The whaling industry in southern seas, according to Rear Admiral Evans, who was the hero of the Discovery and Antarctic expeditions, is almost limitless in its possibilities. At a recent banquet he said:

"The possibilities of the whaling industry throughout the world were British seamen. There is every reason why we should attempt to improve conditions where the enormous profits that are being made.

"The Ross Sea is teeming with whales and the adjacent oceans are untouched.

"I do not imagine there is any chance of the industry in the South Seas falling for the next twenty years.

"Whaling offers a fine opportunity for the employment of British capital and work in the shipbuilding yards. Also there is a very fine chance for the employment of ex-naval officers and men of the mercantile marine.

"We have sat still while the Norwegians have virtually wrested from us the whaling industry, which is bringing them millions of pounds."

ARTIST WAS SURPRISED.

English Artist Tells Amusing Story Regarding His Pictures.

W. P. Frith, the celebrated Eng lish artist, tells an amusing story regarding an incident he had when on a sketching tour in the rural districts. He was boarding in a cottage owned by a shoemaker, and one day he used to watch him paint. There was a rush-bottomed chair which he used for his work and to which he became quit e attached. It wasn't worth more than fifty cents—a lot of money in those days—and when he was leaving Frith offered the deal old woman five shillings for it.

"But she said 'No,'" chuckled Frith, relating the incident to Julian Hawthorne, "she couldn't think of robbing me, but she'd be perfectly content if I'd take the chair in exchange for one of my little 'pictere's'!"

Which took Frith's breath away for a minute—the little 'picters' would easily sell for a thousand dollars or more—but he got out of it somehow, and carried off the chair, too.

NATURE'S SNOWSHOES

SNOW IS THE MENACE OF THE NORTH.

Hardy Creatures Are Protected by Nature Against Arctic Winter—Soles of Feet Have Matted Hair—Food a Problem.

"The terror of the northern woods," wrote a naturalist who knows what Dr. Henry Van Dyke once called an adult man's height north of the Arctic Circle, "is not the cold—there are many ways of meeting that—but deep snow. Snow is the fearful menace, snow which covers up the food supplies, which robs the swiftest of its speed and leaves it at the mercy of the foes that are winged or otherwise equipped to follow fast and lay it low," writes Ernest Ingersoll in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star.

In fact in those northern woods nature must equip its creatures who are to spend the whole round of the year there with protection against both the biting chill of extreme cold and the endless mantle of the snowfall. Not many animals attempt to survive the stress of these combined adversities save by burying themselves and sleeping the hard season in that continuous sleep we call hibernation, which is Latin for "wintering." Others, such as bear and the Arctic wolves and foxes, new and then a wolverine, the caribou and certain mountain-sheep, white hares and mouse-like lemmings, about complete the list of animals that can neither run or hide away from the all-but fatal climate. Of these, the lemmings thought, flourished Boreas, the god or demon, who blew the north wind from his frozen cheeks. Let us examine for a moment how the hardy creatures mentioned are armed against such weather.

First, all the year round of long hair, beneath which is an undershirt of closely felted, wool-like hairs. These hairs entangle a film of dry, warm air which prevents the heat of their bodies, sustained by their food, from escaping. Fur does not so much prevent heat from escaping as keep the skin as it preserves the bodily heat from getting out, owing mainly to the dry air it holds, for dry air is among the best of non-conductors. But these animals must find nourishment in order to keep up the necessary bodily heat, and to get this food they must travel on and dig through the snow; hence their feet must be protected against cold in this condition, and the fact that they are, in fact, modified annually in these animals accounts for their ability to dwell in the Arctic regions all winter.

In the case of the polar bear we find that, unlike other bears, the soles of its big feet are not naked, but are shod with a dense growth of hair which not only prevents freezing but enables them to cling firmly to ice and frozen ground. The same provision is made for the wolverine, lynx, and such other fur-bearers as, although not quite Arctic in habit, these spend their winters far to the north. This grouse, especially our ruffed grouse and those of the ptarmigan group are each year fitted with new shoes for winter use—stocking also, for then the feathering grows out on the toes, and a fringe of broad scales develops as winter sets in on each of all the toes, doubling the breadth of the bird's feet. Thus, at it were, they get about half as much weight on the surface it treads as in summer while it wanders in search of food. Moreover, it is enabled to go more freely and escape more rapidly than the small-footed enemies can follow. These broad feet also acquire the habit of diving under the snow as a protection against the bandits of the woods and plains, such as foxes and weasels, and to get shelter from killing blasts when a blizzard sweeps across their haunts.

Similarly the Arctic lemmings, which do not hibernate, acquire annually an alteration of the feet that helps them to dig their way round and down to the ground, where they may get at the herbage on which they mainly exist, and pick up dormant insects. They also, when they do frequently, and to enable them to do it a great horny pad forms in late autumn on the inner side of the two middle claws of each of the fore feet, hardening the claws to their rough work. These pads slough off when spring comes and they are no longer needed.

But the most striking adaptation in these animals—relics of glacial times and long ancestry—is the way they survive through Arctic winters is that of the white hare, or snowshoe rabbit, so familiar to northern New England and in Canada. The hindlegs of his fleet creature are naturally larger and stronger, and the feet broader, than those of the common hare, and in winter those great hind feet, with their long, spreading toes, become entirely covered with a heavy coat of hair. This is broad, snowshoe-like pads, which enable the hares to run easily over soft snow into which the narrow limbs of their enemies sink, obtructing their progress. It perhaps is to this fact, more than to any other, that these rabbits are able to escape in such numbers the hungry four-footed hunters that try to catch them. They do catch them by craft, but rarely by chase.

SALTY INLAND SEA.

Among Highest Bodies of Salt Water on the Globe.

Five thousand feet above sea level in Persia is to be found a huge, salty inland sea known as Lake Urmia, and is 250 miles around, covering an area of 1,600 square miles, and boasts of many islands in it.

Ninety miles long by some thirty wide, it completely dwarfs the Dead Sea, something like a mile and a quarter below sea level, and contains a greater percentage of salts in solution.

Urmia is fed by a number of small streams and is the catch basin for a considerable area, but as it has no outlet whatever except evaporation the salt that comes in stays in. Constant leaching by the streams brings in a continuous supply of salts, and when time enough, the result is a salt lake, for while the evaporation takes care of the water it must leave the salt behind.

And this is what has happened to Urmia. For years and years it has been becoming saltier and saltier, probably exceeded in this respect only by Karabugas, the salt water annex of the Caspian Sea. No fish live in it, but one species of small crustacean does, or up to some time ago did, manage to thrive in its briny waters.

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MID-WINTER CLEARANCE

SOMETHING DIFFERENT EVERY DAY

Thursday ! Grand Windup of Clearance !

The Final Day of the Big Semi-Annual Event Offers a Big Choice of Sale Items from Every Department ! Come at 9 o'Clock Sharp !

A great offering of specials.....a final clearance of broken lines and small lots.....and the Big Sale comes to a close in a burst of value-giving. Thursday is the final day and from all departments in the store have come super values to triumphantly finish the clearance. The lots are small and the savings notable.....to shop early would be best.....to shop often profitable. Come Thursday at 9 o'clock !

Early Specials on Sale Thursday from 9 to 10 a.m. Be Early !

Boys' Boots

Sturdy boots of black calf in blucher cut, with strong McKay sewn soles and rubber lifts on heels. Sizes 1 to 5½. Reg. 2.69. Early Special Thursday, pair

1.98

Sensational Value !

Crepe De Chine

Reg. 1.35, Sale Price

On no account miss this splendid offering—a fine soft crepe de chine, firmly woven, silky and fine. In lovely shades of gooseberry green, orchid, cloth drab, grey, canary, beige and myrtle green. 38 inches wide, suitable for dresses, lingerie, linings, etc. Reg. 1.35. Early Special Thursday, yard.....

98c.

Window Blinds

Heavy oil opaque window shades mounted on strong rollers. In green, cream, white. Size 37 in. x 6 feet. Slightly imperfect. Reg. 1.19. Early Special, Thursday, each

93c.

Do Not Miss This !

Women's House Dresses

Reg. 1.98' Sale Price

Women, a splendid opportunity to secure a serviceable house dress at a saving ! Attractively styled....excellent for house wear, of fine broadcloths, and prints, in a variety of patterns and shades. Roomy sizes, pockets and collars. All sizes. Reg. 1.98. Early Special, Thursday, each.....

1.49

Women's Sweaters

Pullover style.....of fine all wool yarns.....smart and practical. Choose from soft shades of sand, tan, blue, grey, navy and black. Sizes 34 to 42. Reg. 3.75. Early Special, Thursday, each

1.98

Children's Drawers

Reg. 25c., Half Price 2 for 25c.

Thrifty mothers will profit greatly by coming early ! Of fine white cotton with soft fleece lining, ankle length, and in cream and natural shades. Size 3 only. Reg. 25c. Clearing at Half Price....

2 for 25c.

Children's Underwear

Reg. 1.39, Clearing at 98c.

A clearance of broken ranges and odd sizes. Included are vests and drawers of fine wool.....Vests have long sleeves and V neck and button front. Drawers are ankle length. Cream shade. Sizes 4 to 10. Regular 1.39. Clearance Price

98c.

Children's Vests

Reg. 98c. for 79c.

Fine quality wool vests clearing at a big saving. Made with long or short sleeves, slip over and button styles. In cream shade. Sizes are 10 and 12 years. Reg. 98c. Clearance Sale Special, garment.....

79c.

Women's Bloomers

Reg. 1.50 for 98c.

An especially attractive offering right at the height of the season ! Fine quality all wool bloomers, warm and serviceable, with elastic at waist and knee. Cream shade.....sizes 42 and 44 only. Reg. 1.50. Clearance Sale Price, garment .....

98c.

Women's Overshoes

Reg. 4.25 to 5.50 for 3.95

A clearance of very fine quality overshoes, the popular zipper style. In the lot are shades of tobacco brown, beige, fawn, opal, grey tweed and black. Uppers are of wool jersey and cashmerette. Styles are low and Lo-N-Hi,all are first quality. Sizes 3 to 7½. Reg. 4.25 to 5.50. Clearance Sale Price, pair.....

3.95

Novelty Necklets

Reg. 2.00 to 3.50 for 1.00 to 1.75.

Marked at half price for quick clearance ! Smart little ornaments in combination of pearl and crystal, enamel, and all pearl. Chocker style. Reg. 2.00 to 3.50. Clearing ½ price

1.00 to 1.75

Women's Coats

Reg. 13.50 and 15.75, Now 9.95

The sharp reduction on these coats offers an opportunity to effect an amazing stroke of thrift. Coats that are warm and modelled on prevailing lines of smartness ....tailored from fine duvetyns and chinchillas.... good-looking, fine and warm. Finished with big luxurious collars and deep cuffs of mandel and thibetine. Colors are brown, blue, sand, wine, grey, navy and black. Sizes in the lot 16 to 44. Reg. 13.50 to 15.75. Clearance Sale Special.....

9.95

Children's Mitts

Reg. 49c. for 39c.

Knit from soft all wool botany yarns and brushed wool. With deep ribbed cuffs and finished with cord. In white only. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Reg. 49c. Clearance Sale Special, pair .....

39c.

Children's Leggings

Reg. 1.49 for 98c.

Made of all wool botany yarns, closely knitted, very warm for cold days. Ribbed at waist and ankle, finished with drawstring. In white only. Infants' sizes, 1 and 2 years. Reg. 1.49. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

98c.

Children's Scarfs

Reg. 49c. for 29c.

Fine quality all wool scarfs, 60 inches long, finished on ends with tassel. In white shade only. Very warm for winter outdoor wear. Reg. 49c. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

29c.

Children's Vests

Reg. 49c. for 29c.

Children's cotton vests, closely knitted and lightly fleeced, warm, and comfortable....made with V neck, long sleeves and button front. In cream shade. Sizes 7 to 9 years. Reg. 49c. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

29c.

Children's Drawers

Reg. 49c. for 29c.

A substantial reduction on a clearance lot.....cotton drawers, closely knit and fleece lined..... ankle length, very warm and serviceable. Cream shade. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Reg. 49c. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

29c.

Children's Sweaters

Pullover style, made of good heavy quality worsted yarn, plain and ribbed style, made in button throat style with turndown collar. Scarlet, green, blue, grey, fawn, navy and brown. Size 2 to 6 years. Clearance Sale Special.....

89c.

Wool Dress Fabrics

Reg. 59c. to 1.00 for 49c.

A clearance lot including delaines, serges, armures, pebble cloth, elderdown, black and white check, 30 to 54 inches wide. A material for nearly every purpose. at large savings. Reg. 59c. to 1.00. Clearance Sale Special, yard.....

49c.

Silks

Reg. 1.49 for 98c.

In the lot are printed georgettes and figured silk crepes, in light grounds with floral and conventional designs in contrasting colors. Fine qualities suitable for dresses or blouses. 36 and 38 inches wide. Reg. 1.49. Clearance Sale Special, yard.....

98c.

Chiffon Cut Velvet

Reg. 4.95 for 2.25

A most fashionable material sharply reduced ! Fine quality, soft and supple, wanted for afternoon and evening dresses. In black only. 36 inches wide. Reg. 4.95. Clearance Sale Special,, yard.....

2.25

Curtains

Reg. 15.00 for 3.75

An amazing reduction. Marie Antoinette curtains, very large size, of heavy brussels net with exquisite applique work. 3 yds. long. Regular 15.00. Clearance Sale Special, pair.....

3.75

Oval Wilton Mats

Reg. 5.00 for 2.50

Splendid rugs for bedrooms or dining room, in scatter sizes of 27 x 54 inches. With thick, soft pile, in turquoise ground, showing modernistic design in blue, gold, geranium. Wide blue border. Reg. 5.00. Clearance Spec., each

2.50

Vacuum Cleaner

Clearing at 10.00

Eureka model vacuum cleaner, slightly used, will give good service and prove most dependable. An efficient worker, gives splendid results. Clearance Sale Special, ...

10.00

Linen Serviettes

Reg. 19c. for 13c.

12 inch hemstitched all linen serviettes, with 1½ inch hemstitch, a fine quality, suitable for embroidery. Reg. 19c. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

13c.

Linen Sets

Reg. 6.75 to 19.50 for 4.75 to 15.95

A complete clearance of matched sets, of fine all linen with napkin to match. Sizes range from 68 x 86 to 72 x 108 for cloths. Napkins are 20 to 22 inch size. Reg. 6.75 to 19.50. Clearance Sale Special, set

4.75 to 15.95

Jewelry

Reg. 25c. to 1.00 for 13c. to 50c.

A half price clearance of brooches and ornaments. The brooches are in silver with settings in crystal, pearl and colored stones. Ornaments in silver set with brilliants, suitable for dresses or hats. Reg. 25c. to 1.00. Clearance Sale Special, each

13c. to 50c.

Beaded Bags

Reg. 2.95 for 2.00

Evening bags in envelope style. Imported from France, in all silver, all gold, or gold and silver beads. Softly lined with fine kid. Regular 2.95. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

2.00

Bracelets

Reg. 2.00 to 4.00 for 1.00 to 2.00

Reduced to exactly half price for quick clearance ! In the lot are bracelets of sterling silver, link chain style , and also colored enamel bracelets. Reg. 2.00 to 4.00. Clearance Sale Special, each

1.00 to 2.00

Boys' Windbreakers

Reg. 1.95 for 1.59

All wool mackinaw windbreakers, made with knitted waist band, pockets and collar. In a variety of fancy brown plaids. Sizes 26 to 34. Reg. 1.98. Clearance Sale Special, each.....

1.59

Men's Shoes

Reg. 3.95 for 3.50

In this clearance lot are brown and black calf boots and oxfords, all on good fitting lasts, with Goodyear welt soles and rubber heels. Smart and serviceable. Sizes 6 to 11. Reg. 3.98. Clearance Sale Special, pair.....

3.50

Men's Gum Rubbers

Reg. 2.65 to 2.95 for 2.25

Clearing odd lines and sizes greatly reduced ! Substantial savings for men on good quality serviceable rubbers, with thick long wearing soles. Sizes in the lot 6 to 11. Reg. 2.65 to 2.95. Clearance Sale Special, pair.....

2.25

Men's Windbreakers

Reg. 2.98 for 1.98

Warm outdoor garments made from all wool knitted yarns, button to throat style, with two pockets, tight fitting waist band. In fawn with fancy over pattern and trimmed in plain sand. Sizes 36 to 44. Reg. 2.98. Clearance Sale Special, each.....

1.98

Men's Gauntlet Mitts

Reg. 1.75 for 1.29

Backs and cuffs of black curl cloth, and fronts of strong horsehide. Strap wrist. Limited quantity. Buy Thursday and save on serviceable mitts. Reg. 1.75. Clearance Sale Special, pair.....

1.29

Men's Heavy Mitts

Reg. 2.50 for 1.79

Men's heavy gauntlet mitts, in black with all horsehide hands and long cuffs. Wool lined, strap wrist style. Limited quantity. Clearance Sale Special, pair.....

1.79

Men's Overcoats

Reg. 14.75 for 10.95

Men, a "once in a season" opportunity to secure that needed coat at splendid savings ! A drastic clearance of regular stock is the reason. Every coat is of excellent quality.....fine value at their regular markings and super values at this low sale price. Style and quality are outstanding—all are the popular ulster style, with half belt back, carefully tailored, and immaculately cut to fit perfectly. Cut from fancy tweeds and grey freizes.....very warmly lined.....in popular patterns and wanted shades, including grey, light fawn and brown. Sizes in the lot 34 to 44. Reg. 14.75. Clearance Sale Special, each....

10.95

Youths' Overcoats

Reg. 16.50 for 10.95

A splendid opportunity for the boy or youth who needs a smart warm coat to finish out the season and to do for next year, to secure one at a very marked saving. Smartly styled from fancy tweeds in attractive plaid patterns—popular ulster style, warmly lined with all wool polo cloth, and have half belted back. In light brown and grey plaids. Sizes 31 to 34. Limited quantity. Reg. 16.50. Clearance Sale Special, each .....

10.95

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